



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

HN 368A Y

# *Luleka*



*By Clinton Ross*

KD 16338

Gift of The People of the United States  
Through the Victory Book Campaign  
(A. L. A. — A. R. C. — U. S. O.)  
the Armed Forces and Merchant Marine







# **Zuleka**



# ZULEKA

BEING THE HISTORY OF AN ADVENTURE IN  
THE LIFE OF AN AMERICAN GENTLEMAN,  
WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE RECENT  
DISTURBANCES IN DOROLA \* \* \*

By CLINTON ROSS

AUTHOR OF "CHALMETTE," ETC.



DREXEL BIDDLE, PUBLISHER,  
DREXEL BUILDING,  
PHILADELPHIA.

*67 Fifth Avenue,  
New York.*

MDCCCC.

*22 Bedford St., Strand,  
London.*



KD16338



Copyright, 1899,  
By Anthony J. Drexel Biddle.

— — —  
*All rights reserved.*

*Press of*  
**DREXEL BIDDLE,**  
*Philadelphia.*

**To**  
**John Gilmer Speed**



## *Prologue*

*You ask me, my dear lady, to tell the story you know, of how James Enleen — of the race of the fighting Enleens — and I, an American, came to do what we did in Dorola, and of the events which followed in Issouan and in Spain. It is a strange enough story, perhaps, but you of all the world know that it is a true one, word for word, as I have put it here; for it is your own story, as well as mine. And as for what was done, it was done mostly by Enleen, and so it is his story as well. But to begin it, that takes me so far back, — to a time when I indeed was so different a person; to the November when my Father sent for me to go down into Devon: and to the talk he and I had there together.*



## Contents

Chapter	Page
I. Of the Dering Family Consultation ; and of the Visit of Mr. Mahomet Ali .	1
II. Of Mr. Hicks . . . . .	23
III. Of a Plain Talk at Dorola ; and of a Surprising Adventure . . . . .	38
IV. The Sheik of Issouan ; and the Blood of the Fighting Enleens . . . . .	46
V. Mr. Hicks explains Business and Politics	58
VI. The Fight in the Prison . . . . .	69
VII. The Expedition for the Relief of Rosola	79
VIII. The Man who carried the Mist . . . . .	87
IX. Zuleka . . . . .	104
X. The Catacomb . . . . .	120
XI. Enleen's Sortie . . . . .	130
XII. The Assault . . . . .	139
XIII. Of Mr. Hicks again ; and of Colonel, the Vicomte de Saint-Dernier . . . . .	157
XIV. Of the Captain of the Spanish Sloop <i>Isabella</i> . . . . .	166

---

Chapter	Page
XV. The House in the Lane . . .	179
XVI. The Unlocked Doors . . .	189
XVII. The Watch and the Bishop . . .	198
XVIII. The Duel in the Jail . . .	208
XIX. The Alcalde's Court, and a Tale that's Told . . . . .	217

# Zuleka

## Chapter I

Of the Dering Family Consultation; and of  
the Visit of Mr. Mahomet Ali

“**T**HERE is a line,” said my Father,  
“where a man must stop.”

“Yes,” said I rather gloomily, “or —”

“Or, go to the Devil,” my Father went  
on. “But none of us Derings have.”

“You have told me, sir, that they all —  
from the first Thomas Dering, my Great-  
grandfather — were as wild as I have been.”

“Ah, that tradition! We all seem to feel  
that we must live up to it,” said my Father  
slowly, walking to the window, and looking  
out over the Devon slopes, brown in the  
late light of the dark November afternoon.



I thought how fine an old gentleman he was. I wonder if I, too, ever may be like him. I hope I may, for we all have been much the same, from first to last. There have been four generations, each with but a single son, a Thomas Dering; there have been, they say, always a Thomas Dering, Sr. and Jr., since New York social life began. And all the men have been alike physically, alike mentally; a fierce taste for pleasure and adventure in their earlier years; a quiet settling down later; honorable men always, good American gentlemen, — every generation slightly increasing the family fortune.

We have lived about a deal, my Father and I, since my Mother's death. So it happened that I became more a cosmopolitan than an American, and knew more of the Boulevards and Piccadilly and the Corso than of Broadway and Fifth Avenue. I was educated at Christ Church; and then, as you know, I wandered about. There are temptations great enough in London for a young fellow properly introduced and with a decent income. You can develop easily

into one of those old, red-faced fellows whose principal occupation is to sit about and talk and drink. I am going to write an essay sometime on the viciousness of talk ; I have seen so many clever men ruin themselves by its abuse. But why am I saying this of London, more than of New York, or Paris, or Rome, or Vienna, for that matter ? A little conviviality leads to great uselessness.

But to return to the beginning ; here I was down in that lovely Devon countryside, listening to the warning which my Father had from his Father, and meditating it seriously enough.

“Now if you would marry,” said he, “that would help you out of your dilemma.”

“I don’t know of any girl I want to marry,” said I at this, — “whom I can marry, that is.”

“That’s rather old, but it’s gallant,” said my Father, smiling. “There’s hope for you, Tommy, just as there’s hope for any man who knows he’s been making a fool of himself, — just as there’s for the repentant sinner.”

"I have heard," said I, "on the authority of good doctors, that the men who become drunkards are those who never have a head in the morning."

"That's what I mean, my boy," said he. "I will go a bit further: there's no hope for a man who is idle and isn't bored by it. The trouble with you is that you have been idle."

"‘Something for idle hands to do,’" said I, beating a tattoo with my boot.

"Yes, exactly,— the something that destroys them. You can't go in for horses—"

"We're not rich enough."

"Far from it," said he softly, "I'm glad to say. We have between us just enough to be quiet gentlemen. But we shouldn't have had quite enough, my boy, if I hadn't been made to work like a beaver in Pennsylvania."

"I don't like that word particularly," said I,— "‘work’—with your expression, after it—‘like a beaver.’"

"Ah," said he, "you are lazy, then?"

"No, not exactly that. It makes me think of tradesmen."

“Well, I declare,” cried he at last, — “that’s the snobbish spirit I have succeeded in developing in my son. You forget, — we are Americans, of a race of tradesmen. The Venetians and Florentines were proud of that fact. Why shouldn’t we be? How many American gentlemen, well received here, can you find who don’t owe their present positions either to themselves, or their fathers, having been successful in business? I don’t know a dozen, and they are mostly military or naval men. Look here, Tom, I won’t have you a snob. I believe I’d rather have you kill yourself with dissipation or idleness.”

“Yes, it was snobbish,” I acknowledged. “I’m sorry I expressed it, or thought it. As for being lazy, I think the records show that I worked rather hard at Rugby, — and at Oxford.”

“It’s since then,” said he, “that you have been developing the other thing, — not viciousness, — but idleness which may lead to viciousness. I am going to warn you. My Father, your Grandfather, came

to me once. 'Tom,' said he, 'there's just so much whiskey in the world for any man,—just so much pleasure,—just so much idleness. When you cross the line to too much, you get on the side of the brutes. Now I propose that you brace up, and go to work.' Well, Tom, I repeat it to you."

"That is," said I, "persons with incomes have quite as many problems as those who have none. The fight with riches is as bad as that with poverty."

"There's only one fight in this world," he said then, "that's the one with yourself. When you have conquered yourself, you can do anything. A man, God has said, first must own his soul."

I listened there, watching him, thinking how unworthy I was, and how fine he, and yet he was no prude, in any particular. He had done all the things I had done. Grimmins came in with lights, and drew the shades.

"It promises a storm, sir," he said; and just then there was a sudden gusty downpour, which rattled the sash.

"Well," said I, as Grimmins went out, "what do you wish me to do?"

"First of all I would like to see you married."

"I have been in love twice," said I. "I never regretted 'em over a month."

"I had been in love five times before I met your Mother," said he, smiling. "There's hope for you. But, waiving that possibility, I have four propositions for your consideration. The first is to go back to New York and study law."

"I don't believe I have intelligence enough for that," said I.

"The second is for you to enter an office in Wall Street, where you will begin by doing the work of an office-boy."

"I don't believe," said I, "putting aside what I said unguardedly about tradesmen, that I have any genius for stock-trading. I'm not shrewd enough,—among a lot of men who live entirely by their wits."

"The third is for you to go to Colo-

rado and learn mining under Simmons. That may be more to your taste, probably, being out-of-doors, and more or less an English gentleman's notion of existence."

"I beg your pardon," I said. "I believe I said I agreed with you,—that an American gentleman's was quite as good. I like this better than the others."

"There's a fourth," said he; "the diplomatic service."

"You mean to make me a consul somewhere?"

"No, I'm not the administration, nor have I a 'pull'; but I have you a place for a start. You can learn the trade."

"As Secretary?" said I reflectively; "and where's the place?"

"Dorola; to be sure, it's out of the way. But then there are the winter visitors. You can make it endurable, I know. There won't be any salary, I believe, save about fifty pounds. The Consul at Dorola himself only receives three hundred, you know."

"What sort of a chap is he?" said I musingly.

"A Western politician of some sort, — from Texas, without much money, they say; John Hicks, his name. He's to be at the Grand in Paris in a fortnight. If it gets so far, you can go there to see him."

"Hem," said I reflectively, "at the Grand, — a politician, on three hundred a year?"

"You never can tell about an American's income, I found out, long ago, — particularly when he's a politician."

"He may be," said I, "an unpleasant fellow."

"In any career a gentleman takes up in this world," said my Father sententially, "he must expect to be thrown with unpleasant fellows."

"You offer me, then, New York, Colorado, or an obscure place in Africa."

"You can learn something about the work of a consular office, and we can look up something better, — say Rome, or even London."

"I believe," said I, "that the career



appeals to me rather more than the others. But under our system, it doesn't lead to much."

"It makes you appear more than a mere idler. As for it leading to much, we both know several men who have followed it for years, — whom we respect, and like to meet. Now if you painted, or wrote, or even were a musician, or a scholar: if I hadn't listened to your dear Mother's objections, and not given up the idea of an appointment to Annapolis or West Point for you, — but you can't do those things, — which would give you an excuse: and I did yield to your Mother's persuasion."

"Well, well, sir," I interrupted, "I'll try my hand down there for a while, and I'll see if I can't prove that I know something besides the points of a horse, or a dog, or polite literature."

"You must know, Tom, I shall be sorry. I prefer you to be here, of course."

The dear good gentleman almost made me want to sob; but I didn't. We just pressed each other's hands, and I said I would report to Hicks at the Grand in

Paris. It would be a beginning at least ; and something else would turn up.

"If I can't go, you shall take Grimmins."

Grimmins was a man we had had for years, a good capable fellow. I protested, I should do nothing of the kind. He needed Grimmins' attention ; he couldn't replace the fellow.

"But if I can't go to Dorola, I must feel that there is somebody I can trust to look after you," he insisted. "I must feel that Tom, — at least."

"We'll discuss that, sir, afterward," said I.

"Now we will go in to dinner. I declare, we have been talking here for three hours. What a storm that is outside !"

The wind indeed was howling, and shaking the sash ; for out of the sea had come a fierce bit of November weather. At the moment Grimmins put his head in the door, with a "beg pardon, sir," and his usual military salute : he had been, you know, a servant to an officer in India.

"Well," said my Father.

"There be," said Grimmins, "some people at the door. Shall I hadmit them, sir?"

"What kind of people?"

"Their carriage 'as broken down, and the 'osses 'as run haway."

"Why, show them in here, and stir the fire,—a night like this!" said my Father at once. Grimmins doubtless had known this would be the answer,—he knew us both heart and soul, the rascal; for he threw the door wide and there entered a tall man, closely muffled, and behind him two women, who were shivering. I drew the chairs before the hearth, and motioned to them to take them,—poking the fire. One bowed, and took the chair.

Her face was heavily veiled. Her companion stood deferentially in the background, and I saw they were mistress and maid.

"Thank you, much," came a voice, soft and musical, with a suspicion of an accent.

Meanwhile the man had thrown back his heavy fur coat, and there stood re-

vealed one of the most remarkable men I ever have seen; that I ever shall see. He was tall, I say. His face, looking dark for an European's, was rather narrow, coming down to thin, firm lips; the brow high, covered by a mass of tangled black hair; and all expressed by the most extraordinarily brilliant black eyes; eyes such as those Mr. Crawford describes in making that wonderful fellow Isaacs known to us; like a pair of the most intensely brilliant rubies. People in England are accustomed to associate a face so dark with Indians, Arabs, or Africans. He was far from being a black man, you know. His features were regular and fine; but I was sure he did not belong to our race, or have a drop of our blood. His manner was easy and graceful, as Grimmins took off his coat, showing a man dressed in rough tweeds. A single ruby sparkled in his scarf; and then he turned to my Father, speaking in an accent very decided, and yet with the English construction excellent.

"This is very good of you, sir."

"It would hardly be human, not to take you in out of that storm," said my Father.

"You are Mr. Thomas Dering, I'm told, — an American."

"Yes," said my Father.

"I, too, am obviously a foreigner," said he, smiling. "I am more than that," — and he bowed again, formally, — "I am Mr. Mahomet Ali, at your very good service."

"Your horses ran away, I'm told. I am sorry," said my Father, "but only for you, for I am sure it has given me a guest I shall like to know. Grimmins, see that Mr. Mahomet Ali's men are fed."

"I cannot expect to catch the nine-thirty train to London?"

"It is too late," my Father went on, looking at the clock. "You will dine with us, and I will send you around in my trap, so you can get the eleven o'clock, — certainly."

"That will be imposing on your good nature," said the other. "But, — I will

accept and thank you. I am the tenant at Sotherby Hall, and I am now — on my way to Paris.”

“You have been in Devon for the summer,” said my Father. “The fact is I hardly know my neighbors.”

“We don’t go about at all when we are in England. I am only here, sir, that my daughter may have an English education. Her Mother was an English lady.” His voice fell low. “My daughter, Mr. Dering.”

The veiled one by the fire arose to my shoulder’s height, and, throwing back her veil, she bowed to us both, with a gentle dignity that I found hard to remember in another woman of my acquaintance. But I had never seen a woman like the daughter of Mahomet Ali. She at once changed all my notions of women. Her face was fair as an English girl’s, but her eyes were like Mahomet Ali’s, — wonderful, magnetic, claiming your attention. The brow, low and broad, was framed by brownish hair. Her mouth was piquant, and indeed the modelling

of her face was exquisite. Now, as at my Father's request she threw back her wrap, and handed it to her maid,—a little Frenchwoman,—she appeared to have a figure increasing her claims to a beauty which was both intellectual, and yet enticingly womanly. She bent her head to me politely, and yet as if she had no particular interest in any man. She was an English girl, who was more than English; the result of the mingling of East and West. I wondered at her history, and at her Father; but in England, where the whole world is gathered, sooner or later, one never ought to be surprised by the strangeness of foreign types. Perhaps Mahomet Ali saw our inquiry, for he hastened to add the one bit of information these people vouchsafed our curiosity.

“My daughter at her Mother's request has been educated in the Roman Church.”

I pondered, I think, at the mystery permitting a Mohammedan — for such doubtless this man was — to extend that unholy privilege — that damning privilege from the tenets of his sect — to his

child. And then I sat down during the few moments before dinner to talk with Miss Mahomet Ali,—to find out what she might be like. She turned to me an attention, frank, unconcerned as an Anglo-Saxon girl's.

"You must like Devon," I remember I began.

"Yes, much," she said; "the country is so pretty."

"You live in — Asia?" said I.

"Oh, I don't; we live everywhere. But we belong in Africa."

"Ah, in Africa," I said. "I am going there,—to Dorola. Do you know it?"

"No, we approach my home by way of Algiers. It is Rosola in the mountains. But then we are frequently in Cairo."

"Cairo is a very interesting place,—now that it is a great resort. I have been there several winters, putting up at Shepherd's."

"I have heard that is a good inn," she said. "But really I don't know much about it. You know I don't go out;



not only because I am very young, but it is not the custom with our race."

"But you are a Christian," I persisted.

"I have had a Christian education,—to please my Mother."

"I must apologize for my curiosity."

"I am sure that your hospitality makes that unnecessary," she said, smiling, I thought the least mischievously; and then Grimmins announced dinner.

While they were upstairs my Father and I discussed our strange visitors.

"He is a very clever,—a very well-informed man; but he will not give one the least clue to his identity."

"And it happened when we were talking of Africa," said I. "There's a coincidence."

"She's very pretty. Beware, Tom," he replied, laughing. "She's half a heathen."

"I don't know that it makes any difference. Did you notice how simply she was dressed? There was not a jewel."

"She is a lady, I'm sure," he said.

"Ah, I'm sure."

"But it's well where women are concerned to change your sureties every now and then," he observed, and here our guests interrupted us.

They bore through the dinner the simple urbanity of the earlier part of the meeting; we found nothing to criticise, while I indeed saw much to admire in the young lady with the wonderful eyes.

"Egypt is a place for Englishmen," said she.

"Since they took the suzerainty of that interesting land. Yes, certainly," said I.

"I think I like Englishmen."

"Ah, I'm only an American," said I.

"Quite as much out of the pale as I," said she with a little laugh.

"And you have known many — Englishmen?" I questioned.

"How old do you think I may be?" said she slowly. "I'm eighteen, — and I told you, — I am not likely to go out."

"So you will remember me," said I ;  
"so you must remember me."

She turned those startled eyes on me, and I felt the least ashamed ; for I remembered having made a speech of that phrasing before, but never so fervently as on this occasion.

"Yes," said I, "I mean it all, — quite, — you must believe me."

She was blushing a little then, her eyes bent down : and Mahomet Ali saw us, — with those keen, wise eyes. He seemed to look me through and through.

"The trap is ready for the train," Grimmins announced.

"We have just time," said our guest.  
"How may I thank you, sir?"

"The storm brought me the fortune of a guest," said my Father.

"When I may be in Europe again, I shall insist on you visiting us at Soth-erby," the other said. "Unfortunately, I have no establishment in Cairo, — or anywhere else, — where I can now bid you, conveniently for either you or myself."

"My men will look after your car-

riage," my Father replied, "and take it back to Sotherby. I hear the horses were caught in the village."

"You needn't trouble, thank you so much more, for my servants will attend to it all, sir."

We were in the hall; the maid was putting on the young lady's wraps; Mahomet Ali was bidding my Father good-by.

"You came out of the storm, and are going back into it," said I to her.

"An Eastern mystery," said she with a smile.

"Your wit is not Eastern," I said.

"Sometimes it is," she said more gravely, extending a hand, small, well-gloved. "I have two natures."

"I wonder if I may see you in Dorola?"

"We never go there. But, — it's all, you know, as Allah wills."

"I would be a fatalist if I could believe in some things I wish to believe in," said I. She looked at me enigmatically, half merrily through the veil. We stood outside. They were in the trap.

And so Mr. Mahomet Ali and his daughter dined with us in Devon.

"He is a remarkable man, — certainly," said my Father. "Of course his name is not Mahomet Ali."

"Do the servants know anything of the tenants of Sotherby?" I asked. "Haven't you heard some gossip? You know I have been down here so little."

"Of course gossip, but there is nothing enlightening," said he. "It seems to me you are turning mighty curious, Tom. But then the girl was interesting. I dare say you haven't changed your mind about the Secretaryship at Dorola. I fancy you will be as ready as before to go over to Paris, and to look up our Western politician, Hicks, the Consul. Eh, he may be a disagreeable fellow."

"I will take that risk, sir," I replied.

## Chapter II

### Of Mr. Hicks

**I**T has been the custom of my family for three generations to put up at an old,—it was opened they say by the Great Duke himself,—but always comfortable hotel on the Rue de Rivoli, where you can look out on the garden of the Tuileries from the front windows, and from the inner on a little court with a fountain. There Grimmins and I arrived one December morning, for my good Father had kept on insisting that I should take Grimmins. It indeed seemed to me—for I was still very young in those days—that a great deal had happened since the night when the Secretaryship at Dorola had been proposed to me. I must confess that the event had been marked by the visit of the Arabian gentle-

man and his daughter. It was a matter impressing both of us much because of the very extraordinary character of our visitor; not, as I have said, that any nationality in particular astonishes in Great Britain, any more than in those earlier days when Indian nabobs had made strangely attired retinues features of London. But here when we had been talking of Africa, Africa had been thrust on our attention. Nor, indeed, could I get out of my mind the girl's remarkable eyes. They troubled me in some way; I never had thought so much about any living woman; I declare, not in my two hot-and-cold love affairs. From a hotel in Clarges Street frequented by personages Mr. Mahomet Ali wrote a polite note thanking us more particularly for our hospitality, and then disappeared from our ken without giving us an address to answer. We, indeed, tried Sotherby Hall,—that we might make an oral invitation to visit us again a definite one; but the servants there did not know of their master's address, or had been told

not to admit that they knew. I myself, I will confess, conducted the investigation; not my Father, who never would have thought of doing such a thing. Very probably I should have looked up the agent with the property in charge, had I not been so busy with my projected visit to Africa.

My Father, who followed me up to the lodgings we have frequented for years in Half-Moon Street, persisted in equipping me with everything, as if I were going after tigers in India, or into "darkest Africa," instead of to a place much frequented in winter by polite Europeans. He loaded me with rifles and some good pistols, and saw himself that the tailor made my duck things exactly as they should be. I myself had a round of visits to pay. I had to take a dinner with my friend Jemmy Simpkins. It was no more than polite for me to pay a prolonged visit on Lady Flora Gadsby, the most charming woman in London, who I'm told was a model for Mr. Hope Hawkins' interesting Dolly. And so,



between this and that, and my farewell to my dear Father,—we dined alone in solitary state at the Pidgeon Club looking out on Piccadilly,—the two weeks were about up when I took the night train for Paris. In the morning as Grimmins brought in my boots, I remembered I had some visits to pay there too. I treated the little affair of going down as American Secretary to Dorola, you will notice, indeed most seriously. But after my coffee, only stopping for some violets for my buttonhole, at the flower girl's around the corner, I hastened to see my superior, Mr. Hicks of Texas. The concierge pointed out this individual with a great deal of gusto, and I saw at once that Mr. Hicks had won the regard which continental lackeys give to the lavish abuser of fees.

Now I will confess I had expected a tall, angular individual, like the gentleman in one of Bret Harte's stories, with a long right hand always covertly extended toward his hip pocket. To the contrary, the person who advanced to

meet me was very well dressed indeed ; his tailor was every bit as good as mine. The only difference in dress was, that he had a large diamond in his scarf which I by no possibility could have wished to wear. The man himself was one of those short, compact men who impress you with the possession of great physical power and endurance. His face was round, red, his lips hid by a heavy mustache, with a projecting whisker on his chin. But his shifty eyes—they never for a moment looked you straight in the face—impressed me most disagreeably. They were little faded green eyes, with lines and wrinkles about them; and I wondered as I noticed them if Mr. Hicks' very black hair were not the result of dye,—or a good wig-maker. Soon I saw that he wore a black wig, and that he really was much older than the black mustache and whisker declared him.

“You're Mr. Dering, eh? A very distinguished family, sir. Now do come in and have a drink! No?”

For I explained that I found life more

comfortable if I refrained from drinking until after luncheon.

"You see," he went on, "we men, brought up in the Southwest, don't have much polish."

"You have force, maybe," said I. "Now don't let me interfere with your cocktail. I believe they know how to make those things at this hotel."

He acknowledged that they were rather good, and proceeded to take three in rapid succession.

"You're not much of a business man?" he said, looking me over.

"Well, no," said I; "I don't believe I am, Mr. Hicks."

"If you had a little capital, I could put you on to some very good things in Dorola."

"There's a chance for investment?"

"Do you s'pose, sir, that I would be down there for a paltry fifteen hundred a year if there wasn't?"

"What kind of investment?"

"Selling things," he replied.

"Oh, yes, selling things," said I.

"You represent some American factories, then?"

"Well, yes, I get a commission on some things," said Mr. Hicks slowly. "You won't find your duties very hard, dancing and riding and playing polo. Then the Sultan, who killed his father and five brothers to get there, is not a bad sort."

"Not a bad kind of a bad man," I am afraid I sneered; for the Consul looked at me as if he thought I were quizzing him.

"I expect," said he, "that the Secretary under me will know enough to keep his mouth shut about what happens in the office."

I am afraid my disfavor was in my eyes and in my tone.

"I think, Mr. Hicks," said I, "if we're going to get along, we may as well understand ourselves at once. Of course you will be my official superior down there; but I permit no man to speak to me in that way."

He stared at me for a moment as hard as those shifty green eyes would permit.

"It's very evident, young man, that you never have had a training in an American business office."

"I should like to have had it," I retorted, "in some offices. It doubtless would have made me more practical."

"Yes, that's it," he cried, "more practical. You don't look at things in the same way. You have to get on, or fail, and when there are the shrewdest fellows in the world arrayed against you, you have to be as shrewd as they are. There's no halfway in business. You can be what you want to in private life."

"A church deacon," said I, "and a very slippery individual in your business office."

"Oh, I didn't say that; as the Jew says in the farce, 'pizness is pizness.' It's just a question of your bringing up."

"But," said I, "you, Mr. Hicks, are United States representative. Can you reconcile that position with a business one? Don't you see if the people down there don't like your business methods, they

---

will hold the United States responsible, — that the country loses prestige?”

“Why don’t they pay salaries big enough; so a man need do nothing else? I’m not like you, Mr. Dering, a rich man. They know I’m not living for my health.”

“What a foolish nation, which, having the slightest need of a representative to look after its interest, doesn’t have a diplomatic corps, — men trained as they are for the army or the navy,” I remarked.

Mr. Hicks looked me over narrowly, and then tapped me on the shoulder in all frankness. I never but once have seen him more frank.

“You’re right, my boy, quite right. I’ve the position because I did some service to a certain politician from my state, — that’s all. It’s just give and take, you see, — nothing more. Now if I were a rich man, I might not care. But when I’m recalled, my ‘pull’ may be gone. Who knows? Will the country take care of me? I guess not. So a man is bound to look after himself. I always

have since the days when in my town it was a matter of the first gun out. But," he leaned toward me, "I have the biggest scheme on foot now. If it goes through, I shall be as rich,—well, as the Duke of Westminster, or the Vanderbilts, or the Goulds. It's a ticklish job too, and I tell you one thing right here, John Hicks stands by the man who stands by him. Do you understand? If I am once your friend, your friend always,—through thick and thin."

For a moment he paused, and then with a friendly smile he extended his hand, which I took much against my will.

"I think we shall get along very well indeed. Our bringing up has been different,—that's all. You've had ease and luxury, and I've had to work,—work. Now do sit down to lunch."

Such was my first interview with a man who was to have a very serious influence on my life, had I known it that moment. It's well, perhaps, that we can't foresee things; and yet, I believe I should have

gone on exactly as I did if I had foreseen every foot of the way before me.

I told my superior as politely as possible that I would report to him in Dorola within the month ; but that I had to stop at Nice on my way down, and probably should cross over from Marseilles or Genoa. I failed to tell him that I had a servant with me ; for I fancied that he would hold me in supreme contempt for indulging in such a luxury. But here I was entirely in the wrong ; he was of that class of persons who respect all things which money can buy ; and they falsely hold that money can buy all things. In a great country, where the gentleman and the tradition of the gentleman, of honesty, have always prevailed, this class still is persistently evident. They are the wreckers of corporations ; they are the men who buy and sell the political patronage of a state, or even of a nation. But, after all, they are but incidents. Back of them all is the American strength, the American integrity, the feeling which destroyed slavery ; which, by a vote of



the people, renders impossible the violation of a national promise. If the wicked at times prevail in the United States, they after all don't prevail very long.

So, if it were possible for a man of Hicks' class to obtain a position like that of Dorola, there are, I am glad to say, few such abuses. In the Northern European countries, and in Great Britain and the United States, the standard of official honesty is very high; and the venality among the Asiatics and Spanish Americans almost incredible; still in all these countries there ever have been exceptions proving the rule.

Now I appear to be starting this narrative by calling my superior a dishonest man. I hadn't the slightest proof that he was, save that his code of ethics, approved indeed by some of his associates,—the code of outwitting a rival at any cost,—was one entirely abhorrent to the traditions of my family; but, then, I must say that the Derings never had been put to the test of the need of such a philosophy.

I myself had lied a bit to Hicks about

my engagement at Nice, for, to tell the truth, I hadn't fancied having him as travelling companion to Dorola. He would become, I thought, an insufferable bore before we should reach our destination. But unexpectedly I found myself borne out by circumstances. For as I was crossing the court of my hotel whom should I run across but a Christ Church friend of mine, the Honorable James Enleen.

"Where are you going now, Tom?" said he.

"To Dorola."

"Why?" he asked. "You will find it dull, though there's some good shooting in the mountains. But I tell you what I will do. The *Dorinda* is at Nice. I'm going somewhere, — sick of this life; and I'd as lief take you across."

I told him I should like it immensely, for I preferred crossing the Mediterranean in a big steamship, like Jim's *Dorinda*, to doing it on any one of the regular liners. I thought, too, that I might persuade Enleen to remain over

some days, for I anticipated being at first considerably troubled with ennui.

When I told him why I was on my way to Dorola, he looked at me in wonder.

"They say that fellow down there is a thundering rascal."

"What do you mean?" I asked, leaning forward, and surprised at this confirmation of my own notion.

"Oh, this leaked out. Everybody knows it, including little Brooks, who's our Consul down there. Brooks hates him. You know I was in Dorola for a month last February. You see this fellow has been selling rifles for some big makers somewhere, and taking a commission from them of course, and securing beyond that a hundred per cent advance on the gun-makers' regular prices. So his principals are satisfied with their legitimate returns, less Hicks' commission, and Hicks himself has been able to net a profit of fifty per cent on the prices of the guns."

"I thought you said a hundred per cent," said I.

"Why, my dear boy, that fellow has

bribed the Sultan of Dorola with the other fifty per cent to let him sell rifles to subject tribes which are in a perpetual state of revolt."

"The deuce!" said I.

"How's that for a situation?" said Jim.

"But the Sultan is increasing the power of his dangerous subjects," said I musingly.

"What does he care? He wants to increase his supply of champagne and wives," said Jim. "He believes in the present,—the old black duffer."

"I wonder if there's not some other consideration," I asked; "the situation hardly seems possible."

"There may be," Enleen acknowledged. "But you must remember that the Orientals are still the most astute politicians in the world. Look at the Turks."

"I think," said I, in a moment, "that the United States may need a Secretary in Dorola. I may have found a career."

## Chapter III

### Of a Plain Talk at Dorola ; and of a Surprising Adventure

I SAW my superior take on an expression of surprise when I walked up to the little low Consulate building at Dorola in Jim Enleen's company. He was very affable, and courteous to us both, and after Jim had gone and he had recited a list of my duties, — which I need not repeat here, — we sat outside on a terrace, with, before us, the shimmer of the bay where Enleen's *Dorinda's* long white outline was by far the most imposing sight among the shipping.

"He's an awful swell, ain't he?" Hicks began at last. "He was here last winter. It must take a pretty big pocket-book to keep up a ship like that."

"Oh, he's Lord Denburden's grandson," said I.

"So I have heard," Hicks went on. "You know a lot of swells. If I did, I tell you what, I could make no end of money. Now don't you think you could induce him to put some capital into something or other? I have the brains, you know, if I do say it. All I need, you see, is the capital."

When I didn't answer, he added :

"I'll make it worth your while."

"Is it, Hicks," I said then, "a scheme like that of the sale of rifles to the mountain tribes?"

He seemed to reflect for a moment, looking at me out of those shifty eyes. But he was a man equal to most emergencies.

"You've heard that story? They're still talking about it?"

"Yes, I've said I know about it. Look here, Mr. Hicks, is it true?"

"What if it is?"

"I was wondering" — for I remembered that self-control profits a man on most occasions — "how you induced the Sultan to enter into the agreement,"

"Every one of 'em, from the old beggar down, has a price," he said evasively. "People don't know all they're talking about. There may be other considerations, you know."

"I thought so," said I. "I thought so."

"I am no fool at a business transaction," he went on.

"One of the biggest I ever knew," I cried, losing my temper.

"What's the matter with you, anyway?" he retorted.

"I'm Secretary of this Consulate," said I.

"What of that?" he retorted. "I have things so fixed that nobody can complain. The Sultan is satisfied, ain't he? The mountain chiefs are satisfied? Who's there to be hurt by it, I'd like to know; not the United States; I've seen to it that they can't be, in any possible way."

"Have you reported it to the Department?" said I.

"Why in Hades should I?" he asked.

"Because, if you haven't, I, as Secretary of this Consulate, certainly will," I retorted, now in all calmness. "I don't care whether I may be right or wrong. I am inclined to think I am right. You had the chance to negotiate on both sides because you were Consul of the United States. You have worked it prettily, I confess. You have satisfied the mountain chiefs, the Sultan, the gun-makers; but unfortunately you haven't me, until I hear positively that the administration may approve of your course."

For a moment Hicks looked at me, and I at Hicks. Then, rising, he said, "I saw the first time I laid my eyes on you, that you were a precious fool."

Having expressed this opinion, he turned on his heel and walked into the house. For a moment I was not sure but that he was entirely right. I had shown my hand too soon by half. The Consul and I stood opposed to each other from that moment. I wondered where Jim Enleen had gone. Perhaps his cool brain could advise a course of action.



As I passed through the court and the garden, fragrant then with roses, as I looked up into that clear blue sky, the situation did not appear much clearer; nor as I turned into the street, and strode down into the native quarter.

I am not writing a description, but a history of an adventure. You must not ask me to tell of the shuffling, Oriental street, of the squat-legged merchants, the veiled women, the wonderful blacks, the mosques rising above the squalor, — the Sultan's palace on its little hill with the red-fezzed soldiers before its gates; nor much of the prison at the hill's foot; but I shall have something to say of that later.

There, I turned back from the Old Town, threading my way through the bazaars along the road to the European quarter and the Consulate; past the big hotels overlooking the bay, — their piazzas crowded with invalids, and people simply leisurely, who were seeking the sun and the blue sky. I might have gone up there, and gossiped, and made the acquaintances Hicks had suggested. I had

yet to meet the other Consuls, and the other Secretaries, and their families. For, save in the case of the United States, the Powers send their cleverest representatives to Dorola, — a place to be watched. No Power can tell when another may step in to lay claim to the little country, in redress for some real or pretended grievance. Usually the harbor is scattered with war-ships of every nation. Then it happened there was not a war-ship there. I wanted with all the impulsiveness of a very young man to find a good staunch American captain; that I might go and lay my quarrel with the Consul before him. Jim probably had gone back to the *Dorinda*. I didn't inquire. Instead I went straight back to the Consulate.

As I entered the house two soldiers of the Sultan — dirty, picturesque fellows — rose and saluted. Inside were half a dozen others, with a boyish lieutenant in command. Standing, his face against the window, was a prisoner. Something in the outline of his figure, though now he was in Arab costume, interested me.

Suddenly he turned, and I saw the man who had dined with us that night in Devon.

“Mahomet Ali!” I cried.

“I am known by that name,” he said. His wonderful eyes seemed dimmed. I saw a sorrow had changed the man.

“You can’t speak to the prisoner,” said the Moorish Lieutenant in French.

“Why is he in the Consulate, then?” I said.

“He is brought here, monsieur, by the order of His Gracious Most Wonderful Majesty the Sultan, to see My Lord the Consul, Hicks.”

“And the Consul is not here,” I reasoned.

“No, monsieur.”

“Then I represent him,” I went on, still in French. “If this prisoner be sent to the American Consul, the Consular Secretary may speak with him. Besides,” I added, remembering that there are times even for lies, “Monsieur Hicks has directed me to speak to this prisoner in his behalf.”

The statement was risky enough from any point of view. Hicks might enter; even might be in the house. As it happened, he was not there. And the Lieutenant, assured by the servants that I was indeed the Consul's Secretary, made a deep bow, when I motioned Mahomet Ali into the next room, which, luckily, was empty.

"How does it happen," I asked quickly, "that you, a prisoner of the Sultan of Doria, are sent to the American Consul?"

Even as I said this I remembered that I was interfering most remarkably with my superior's affairs. I had defied him, and yet, if I but knew the situation better, might he not prove to be entirely in the right, and I, to be the sorry fool?

## Chapter IV

### The Sheik of Issouan ; and the Blood of the Fighting Enleens

NOW it occurred to me that I had Grimmins to carry messages, and so with a "pardon me" to the prisoner, I sent for that worthy, who already had declared that Dorola was a "rum spot." It was curious that in my little walk I hadn't before thought of Grimmins. When he appeared, I said briefly :

"Get word to the *Dorinda* for Mr. Enleen to come here, bringing with him Mr. Brooks, the English Consul."

"Yes, sir," said Grimmins, who would have gone through fire and water for me. And he hurried away.

"Now, sir," said I, turning to the prisoner, "please to explain how you, whom I saw so lately as a gentleman travelling

in England, chance to be the prisoner of the Sultan of Dorola, and why, above all, you are here?"

He stood there tall and noble, distinguished, the very last man in the world to look the prisoner's part. He appeared so different from any man I ever have seen in adversity; as if, indeed, nothing could daunt him; you could kill this man without having revenge; his soul was above any of his enemy's methods.

"They dare to do it because now I am a man without a country," he said in English. "There was a time, Mr. Der-ing, when it would have been different with the Sultan of Dorola."

"But Hicks?" said I; "the Consul?"

"It is his idea," said Mahomet Ali, if that were his name; and then he went on, losing as he spoke the Western mannerism which he had affected in Devonshire.

"In the mountains yonder," and he pointed at their dim blue line, "are Issouan and Rosola. I, sir, am the Sheik of Issouan. No Sultan of Dorola has ever conquered Issouan,—no man has ever

questioned the independence of my people, — my people, I say, sir, — fifteen hundred souls all told, shepherds and hunters, my Father's people, and my Father's Father's, back to the beginning. We have gone into the world, the men of my family; we have been Viziers to the Sultan at Constantinople, — Allah be blessed. But always we have returned to Issouan, — always it and its secret have been ours.

“Nor, sir, has any Sultan of Dorola conquered us, — for we could buy peace of all the peoples in Northern Africa, small though we might have been.

“Then there comes to Dorola this man from over the seas, and he hears there is a treasure in Issouan descended from a King of Egypt, my ancestor, and he says to the Sultan of Dorola, — the dog! — we will stir up the hill tribes by giving them rifles for them to conquer Issouan. For the Sultan of Dorola cannot approach Issouan if the hill tribes oppose him. So the Sultan, the chiefs of the hills, and this man, enter into a compact. On my way to Rosola, with

ten attendants, they seize me, and bring me here. To-night, sir, I die."

"Why?" said I; "because you will not tell the secret they believe you have?"

"They will torture me, sir, until I die. Your Consul has the power of life and death over those he may imprison in Dorola."

"Yes, I know that," I said soberly. "There must be some ground for supposing the treasure exists, or else he would not take the risk."

"It exists," said the Sheik of Issouan simply; "but they shall not find it. Even now they may be about Rosola. And"—his face twitched like a man who has a great mental struggle—"Zuleka is in Rosola."

"Zuleka?" I asked. "The young lady I met."

"Yes, she is there; but she has three hundred men who will die for her. I sent her on from the coast before me. I was delayed by a message from Constantinople."

I was debating rapidly the complication



of this extraordinary story. Here was a man whom I had seen in England, who had proven to be a mountain chief of Northern Africa, who confessed to great wealth and whose tribe had maintained an independence for years by bribing their more powerful neighbors,—so that no one dared exterminate them, and take their property. I did not know at that moment what I was to learn later, that the Sheiks of Issouan were powerful politicians in Turkey, and that the fear of the Sultan of Turkey had for generations added to the respect in which they had been held by their troublous neighbors. I did not know that this man, Mahomet Ali, now was under the Sultan's disfavor, and banished,—which accounted for his incognito in England. But Hicks, who knew of all these circumstances, had artfully stirred up the cupidity of the hill tribes and of Abdul Mahommed, the Dorolan Sultan. The plot was astounding, as it was revealed to me that moment. I had explained to me instantly how my superior expected to make his fortune.

Never once did I doubt the existence of a treasure somewhere in those blue mountains of Issouan. My intelligent compatriot wouldn't have gone into the enterprise if he hadn't been sure.

"You think they will torture you?"

"I am sure," he said calmly.

"I am sure they won't," said I, grinding my teeth.

"How can you prevent Abdul Mahommed treating a prisoner exactly as he wishes?"

"True. He will claim that you are his subject," said I, musing. "But you must believe I will get you out of this in some way, despite the Consul of the United States, a rascal in this position of trust.

"If they should kill you, the secret of the treasure would die with you, wouldn't it?" I asked.

"No; it would not die with me. Zuleka knows. They, in fact, know where it is."

"How is that?" I asked.

"All the hill tribes know. But there

are only three persons in the world who know how to get to it."

"Who are they?"

"Zuleka, I, and one other."

"I see," said I. "They know, should you be killed, that they must take Zuleka in the mountains. She is protected by three hundred men of your tribe." I had a vivid picture of the girl with whom I had talked that evening in Devon. My heart beat tumultuously; and I felt suddenly helpless. "And there is that other?"

"They know him, but they can't hurt him. For he is neither living nor dead."

I paused for a moment to consider this extraordinary statement; and then I remembered I was in the Orient, where men hold the supernatural as not only possible, but probable. One must change one's point of view under such circumstances, or else he certainly is a fool; that is, you are a fool for regarding as a fool an Oriental who makes an astounding statement.

But, indeed, I had no further chance to question the prisoner; for the door was suddenly thrown back and the Consul

came in, — as angry a man as I ever have had the pleasure of facing.

“What’re you doing here?” he snarled, showing his teeth, which were pointed and wolfish.

“I am thinking, Mr. Hicks, that if there were an American war vessel in the harbor, I should have you in irons in a half hour.”

Now that remark might have been indiscreet; he might have had me arrested and thrown into prison with the Sheik of Issouan, and he could have explained that I had died of malarial fever. All this, indeed, was quite possible, had it not been for the fact that Jim Enleen and Brooks, the English Consul, were in the anteroom. Grimmins had delivered his message with a promptness that probably saved me. As for Hicks, he knew the game was up. He was perfectly aware that should one of Admiral Smith’s vessels put in at Dorola, he would be investigated. Still he might not have cared so much at losing the Consulship; and I am not now sure that I actually should have succeeded in having

him put in irons: I do not know that I could have proven any crime. Probably as a private individual he was entirely within his rights in negotiating with Abdul Mahommed; probably Abdul Mahommed had legally the right of life and death over the Sheik of Issouan. I, at least, couldn't free the prisoner with the soldiers on guard. It was only another one of the million cases of Oriental outrage; no better, no worse.

It takes a long time to write down what runs through one's mind in a second; for I saw these things, as I turned on my heel and went outside; not giving Hicks the chance to say a word. The Lieutenant and the squatting soldiers stared apathetically. And, surely enough, as I had conjectured, Enleen and Brooks were outside.

"Come with me," I said hurriedly.

"You are devilishly pale, Tom," I remember old Jim said.

"Devilishly mad," I retorted. "I presume you are Mr. Brooks," I added to his companion.

"I beg your pardon, Dering," Jim

cried. "I thought I had introduced you."

"I want to tell you both a story," I said when we were on the sunny street. "I practically, on my own authority, shall assume possession of our Consulate."

"How can you?"

"Will you support me?" I asked Brooks.

"How can I? What's the story?"

"I don't know that it will do much good," I went on. "I don't know that I can save a man's life by doing it. He's likely to die to-night." Then I told them the whole story. As I feared, the English Consul agreed with my own theory of the case. He could do nothing. All I could do was to prefer charges against the American Consul, and that would take time.

"Then if either of us had a man-of-war here we couldn't interfere," Enleen put in.

"Most certainly not. This Sheik of Issouan is undoubtedly Abdul Mahomed's subject."

"A private individual might," said Jim.

"What do you mean?" Brooks asked.

"Well," said he slowly, "I have fifty men on the *Dorinda*. Supposing I land twenty 'Jacks' to-night, armed with Winchesters. What if I should break open their prison. I think my twenty men would do that in a hurry, before the Mogul could get his army started."

"You run the danger of having the *Dorinda* sunk by the forts."

"I don't believe they can shoot straight enough," said Jim airily.

"Besides you may be killed yourselves and thrown into that very prison," Brooks went on. I was not talking. I was thinking of the girl back somewhere among those blue mountains.

"Besides," the Consul said, "it would be piracy."

"Yes," said this descendant of a line of English sailors, "it will be. We will do it this very night, and if we catch your esteemable fellow-countryman, Hicks, we will try how he likes being flogged, — eh?"

My boy, if we're to be pirates, we will be true ones."

"Why do you do it?" I asked.

"The man's case, and I believe for the fun of it. I've been wanting an adventure all my life."

I started to tell him of Zuleka, the girl of Issouan, but then I hesitated. I felt, oddly enough, that he would tease me about her; and why, indeed, shouldn't he, and why should I, who only had seen her once, be teased? I considered this for a moment as we walked along. I remember a band was playing on the veranda of one of the hotels.



## Chapter V

### Mr. Hicks explains Business and Politics

**I** HEARD a great cardinal once say in a little church in London that God judges men by their hearts, not their intellects; by the deeds they do through impulse rather than by what they do with caution. If I am a Protestant, the holy face of that preacher is before me still. He was a man most distinguished for intellectual achievement, and perhaps the words meant more from him. I remember I asked my Father if that reasoning were so, how was it to be explained that the world is developed by intellect. "Yes, that is true; but there always have been more great deeds done through impulse," he said, smiling. "But don't you rely on it, my boy; it's a bad general theory, and will lead you into no end of trouble."

I think Jim Enleen and I debated this thoroughly in discussing the details of our plan to save the life of the Sheik of Issouan; and yet neither he nor I retreated from the position that this descendant of a line of sailors had taken. "If it be piracy," said Jim, "they're a set of pirates, anyway. They're every bit as bad as when they used to scuttle ships, and put their crews in slavery, and that American captain—Decatur, wasn't he?—gave them all a drubbing. Besides, we take a chance of losing our lives. I shall state the case fairly to my men."

We, indeed, took a fearful chance, and among those narrow, full streets, crowded with Mohammedans who could and would fight dogs of unbelievers to the end. There exists a tradition in Dorola—as I believe in all Mohammedan cities—that it is never safe for a Christian to go into the Old Town without a guide; and not at all after dark. Murder walks openly in the streets of Dorola. The native government condones, and uses it for its own purposes. And we in the West

calmly watch, and know, and don't interfere, because the government is lawful enough. I remembered my little walk in the town; the varied humanity; the tall Bedouin, grave and beautiful in his rags; the half-hid hatred you see in those towns as you pass by. Yes, we took a good chance of losing our lives; yet, I am glad to say now that neither that, nor any other consideration, stood in our way. We did not change our minds.

While Jim went back to the *Dorinda* to lay the matter before his crew, who loved him as only an Enleen is loved by his men, I sat down in Brooks' office and wrote out some charges against the American Consul. I did not know how great weight these words would have, since I was about entering on an act of piracy. But I remembered at least that I was engaged with a member of one of the most powerful English families. Brooks, in his position, would not listen to our undertaking. He secretly, I believe, approved of it; at any rate, he treated it as a boyish joke, which he

didn't believe could become a fact. Bidding him good-by, in the spirit of the joke, I returned to our own Consulate, remembering that Grimmins and some of my things were there. Part of the boxes were still on the *Dorinda*; besides, I wanted to state frankly to Hicks that I had carried out my threat, and had made a fair report to the Department of his negotiations in Dorola.

The courtyard was cleared of the dirty soldiers and their prisoners. But I ran squarely on my former superior. He was very pale, and, I saw, a man in some perplexity.

"Back, eh?" said he. "Got over your temper?"

"I came back to tell you that I have laid a statement of the affairs of this Consulate before the Department. Also I want to demand that you resign, now, at once."

"To you?" said he. "Well, I guess not. You must think me a blank fool. Besides," he added, "if this thing goes through, I easily can buy any posi-

tion I want; I haven't done anything criminal."

"Will that man they brought here be killed to-night?" I asked.

"How do I know? He ain't my prisoner, but Abdul Mahommed's."

"You suggested seizing him," I said.

"Well, now, look here. I rather like you, Dering, though you are so damned meddlesome. I ain't any particular grudge against you. So, look at the case. These fellows down here are a set of robbers and thieves, you know. They probably would have killed Ahmed Pasha, anyway —"

I interrupted him at the name.

"You don't mean to tell me that the Sheik of Issouan is that Ahmed Pasha, who directed Turkish affairs, and is now banished?"

"Yes," said he, "the same fellow. The Sultan of Turkey won't protect him, — would like to see him killed. Our friend, Abdul Mahommed, up there in the palace on the hill, knows that well enough. Well, you see the Sheiks of Issouan — I

s'pose he explained — have kept their independence through all these centuries by bribing the mountain tribes to protect them against the Sultans of Dorola. There hasn't been to this day anybody with the head to bring about concerted action, you know. I probably shouldn't have done it, if that fellow hadn't been in disgrace at Constantinople."

"Yes, I see," said I. "I admire your frankness." And indeed I must confess I really did.

"Well, if you do, why should those heathens get all that money? Sooner or later, sure as shooting, they would. I said, 'John Hicks, do this on the division principle.' Isn't it better, Mr. Dering, that a Christian gentleman should have a share rather than it should go to all these robbers?"

"The Asiatics are cunning, but it takes one of us to manage them," said I.

"Yes, that's it exactly," he said with considerable pride; "that's just the case."

"But how, when you get your divi-

sion, can you make them treat you fairly?"

"Well," said he, "it chances that no one of them, nor, in fact, no two probably would. But a half a dozen probably will. Then there are some Frenchmen in the scheme."

"Frenchmen?" said I.

"Yes, refugees from Algiers. Well, I've told you pretty nearly all. I don't see how you or anybody can prevent it, because this Issouan is a fief of Dorola, just as Dorola is a fief of Turkey."

"Yet," said I, "you, Mr. Hicks, will see this man tortured and killed?" My anger rose as I looked at him, infatuated with his own cleverness; without a moral idea in his being.

"Why, Dering, haven't I said, he probably would be killed, anyway? He has fallen into the hands of his suzerain, — that's the word, ain't it?"

"But you arranged it."

"I believe firmly," he retorted, "that it's better for a Christian to have a hand in the matter. It's not a bit worse than

the methods some of our big families took when they first got their money."

"You scoundrel!" I cried. "I've a mind to kick you like a dog."

"Take care, Mr. Dering. I have a temper."

"Well, I won't deny you that," said I. "But here again I make my two demands. The first is, that you save the Sheik of Issouan's life."

"I can't. The affair has gone too far."

"The second is, that you resign your position, now,—and put me in charge here."

"You don't believe I will do that, Mr. Dering. If they or you prefer charges, they'll have to remove me in the regular way."

"Well, the charges are preferred," I retorted; and turning I went into the house. I found Grimmins arranging my linen, and I told him to follow me to the *Dorinda*.

"Leave the things here," I said to him.

Hicks was still standing outside, meditating his great scheme. It occurred to



me that the man might be mad. At any rate, if he were, he was a dangerous, since a persuasive, madman. He still treated me as if I were a misguided, unpractical fellow, badly educated. He had not shown the least sign of anger in the remarkable conversation I have recorded. He had stated over again what the Sheik of Issouan, or Ahmed Pasha, if you will, had himself told me; what in addition to the Sheik's statements I had surmised. He plainly believed that his enterprise was quite legitimate. Or, at any rate, if he now were angry,—as he certainly had been at my interference earlier in the day,—he had the tactful self-control not to show it.

“What do you want to make such a fuss for?” he asked. I looked straight before me, without answering. “I s’pose you’ll get Enleen to chase over to Algiers after a war-ship?”

But Grimmins and I kept on our way. This parting thrust, however, left me relieved; for I felt he was incapable of imagining what Enleen and I really intended

doing. So quixotic an enterprise would have been quite beyond his comprehension. But we would try it, come what might. Then I thought of the girl, born of the English mother,—back up there at Issouan among the blue mountains. Her Father must be saved for her sake, if for no other reason in the world.

The sun was low as Grimmins and I walked down from the narrow ill-smelling streets of the Old Town, with its yelping wolfish dogs, its ragged picturesque population,—the grave Arabs a-donkey-back, and as we came to the pier, a little caravan, with the wise-eyed camels, swung past us.

Peters, Enleen's boatswain, was waiting at the pier, with two white-jacketed tars. "Mr. Enleen expected us on board."

"Well?" said Enleen over the side. "Any change?"

"None," I said. "It's the only way to save the man's life."

"Oh," said he a moment later, "I have laid the matter before Ferguson" (Ferguson was the captain). "He said 'go ahead.' Then we addressed the men,

— Ferguson and I. They said, ‘We’ll go wherever an Enleen leads.’ ‘You’ll take care of us, sir,’ as Peters said. That’s the lay of ground, Tommy. I’m going to take thirty of them, — all old men-of-war men, — thirty instead of twenty. We will have that fellow out of prison at nine o’clock, God helping us.”

“You’re indeed a regular old pirate, Jim,” said I.

“I’ve often regretted I wasn’t in the service. But my Grandfather wouldn’t have it, — after my Father was drowned. The trouble is with Lord Denburden ; he married too much money, and he wants to keep his descendants from being men, — as we used to be. I wonder what he would say if he knew what we are going to do this night ?”

“I wonder what my Father would say,” said I, thinking of that dear old gentleman alone with his books and the dogs in the house in Devon.

## Chapter VI

### The Fight in the Prison

**W**ELL, we left the *Dorinda* promptly at nine, with steam up and ten men in charge. For we had decided to crowd the boats a bit. Every man had his Winchester, his pistol and cutlass; for the *Dorinda* was kept by her owner equipped like a man-of-war. The night, as if the weather were in favor of our enterprise, had turned cloudy and dark. The lights gleamed from the European quarter, with its hotels, and fitfully from the Old Town.

And Jim and I felt an enthusiasm I would give much to have again. We were burning our bridges; we were turning pirates. But we were glad of it; and I think every man there shared our feelings. They were as fine a lot of seamen as were ever brought together by a rich owner,

good pay, and excellent treatment. More than that, they had a fine Northern scorn of Africans and Asiatics. They had heard a man's life was to be saved; and they left the consequences to their employer. Was he not an Enleen, Lord Denburden's grandson; one of the richest, most powerful men in Great Britain? he would look after them. There, indeed, had not been a dissenting voice.

We landed on the sandy beach, just below the pier. Not a soul seemed to be in sight. Then, leaving ten men to care for the boats, with instructions to wait until the very last possible moment, the rest of us formed, and trotted up toward the old gate under the shadow of the wall. I have forgotten Grimmins. There were thirty-one of us. Grimmins insisted that he had been an officer's servant in India, and that he should be in the fight, if there was to be one. "'Ow should Hi hexplain to Mr. Dering, senior, hif you shouldn't come back, sir, — when Hi 'ave known you, Mr. Tom, boy hand man." So, as I say, I let him go.

A dirty soldier stood in the shadow of the gate. I don't believe that gate could work on its hinges, anyway. The sentinel was present to stop us; and Enleen feared he might make trouble. So we bound him with some rope we had brought along, and soon were in the narrow foul streets. Here we gained attention at once. The fact that the English gentleman was taking his crew out for a bit of exercise at nine-thirty of a dark night was not enough to explain that formidable array. Dogs yelped; women and men came out and execrated us. We had, in short, a yelling mob at our heels, which we, however, kept well ahead of, although now and then a Jack had to knock a man down with the butt of his Winchester.

The prison, an old dismantled affair, stands, I believe I have said (and you probably know Dorola; if you don't, read your Baedeker), at the foot of the palace hill. I had some misgiving lest the Sheik of Issouan might have been taken from the prison to the palace. I wondered why

that had not occurred to Jim. But we kept on, now that we were started. Besides, Brooks had said that the torture was usually done in the prison.

The street widens as you come into the square of the prison. The uproar had borne itself with sullen insistence before us. Two baggy-breeched soldiers stood by the prison gate and, craning his neck, the same Lieutenant I had seen at the Consulate.

Enleen dashed on before they had a chance to say a word, and had pushed inside, guns ready. We came all at once on to a court, lit by torches; there were twenty more of the Sultan's soldiers here, with, on a little dais, a big, black, bearded man, Abdul Mahommed himself,—as unpleasant an individual as I want to see. Before him, with perfect dignity, stood the Sheik of Issouan.

Never, I think, was a man more astounded than was this servant of Allah, this greatest of great Kings, who had slain a father and five brothers to get his place. The old murderer never had ex-

pected such a scene. He gave a shout, and we were down on them, — having the advantage because they were unprepared. The court was filled with cries and oaths, Moorish and English. I know that I engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with a wiry fellow. Presently it fell stiller. They were prisoners, or dead, or wounded. Somebody relit a torch. I saw Peters standing in front of the prisoner, and Abdul Mahommed of Dorola was rolling over on the pavement like a man in a fit. Our Jacks were disarming some men; but I saw seven bodies on the paving, and one was that of a seaman, who was being lifted up under Enleen's direction.

"I wish we had time to free the rest of the poor devils," he said. "But we must get out of this. It will be too hot for us in a minute."

The hubbub outside now had become terrible. To it was suddenly added the roar of a volley from Captain Ferguson and his ten men, who had been detailed to hold the gate.

Quickly the order was passed. The



wounded seaman — who had a nasty knife wound — and Ahmed Pasha (the Sheik, you know) were put in the centre. Then with the order we filed out to support Ferguson, and to break through the mob in the square, back to our boats.

“Their cavalry is coming down from the palace. We’ll have to hurry, sir,” Ferguson said.

“Ready, men !”

And we burst out ; Ahmed Pasha and the wounded man in the middle ; we fighting, and struggling through the maddened fanatics, with the Dorolan soldiers we had disarmed in the prison close on our heels. It was well done, capitally done. If it had not been for the disorder of a mob suddenly confronted by a body of disciplined men, we never should have done it, I am sure now. As it was, it was wonderful enough.

Ferguson led. Enleen, Peters, and I managed the rear, backing, firing. Up there in the European quarter they doubtless thought a revolution had broken out in Dorola. As for Abdul Mahommed,

he, as I say, never had such a surprise in all his experience of men, and of Eastern politics.

I have heard often how men feel in their first fight. I have read that interesting book, both London and New York have been talking about, by a very clever countryman of mine. And didn't Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, confess that he ran away? As for me, my memory of that retreat is that my rage passed. I felt a dull pity when I saw some of the mob fall. We must have killed or wounded at least a score. But, after all, it was either our lives or theirs. There was no halfway line for us, while behind was the fear of the cavalry.

We had reached the unused gate before they dashed down the narrow street. We sank down, ready to receive them, while Ferguson hurried the prisoner and the wounded man down to one of the boats. The streets were narrow, as you know, and we decidedly had the advantage. We faced and picked out the foremost, and then turning, ran for the

boats. The prisoner and the wounded man were already embarked.

"Count your men," said Enleen, stopping. "We mustn't leave one for those brutes to tear to pieces."

"Six in the other boat, seven with Beck, thirty-four, all told."

"All right," sang out our leader, and we were at the oars. As the last boat put out, the belated cavalry came prancing and cursing, — although we couldn't understand their lingo. Then they began to fire; but we just bent to our oars, knowing the *Dorinda* was the place for us. We remembered the Sultan of Dorola had an old tub of a gunboat somewhere along the coast. We remembered that fort on its hill, and just then a ball flashed, and there rang out a report among the bedlam of noises. Bells were tolling. A perfect inferno seemed to possess the old town of Dorola; and bright lights flitted from the palace on its hill. I never may forget that night; how at last we climbed over the *Dorinda's* side, — all of us; how that good boat began to

move. The shots from the fort fell about us; not one touched us. The *Dorinda's* speed increased.

"I told you they were bad shots," said Enleen grimly.

"But good fighters," I put in.

"Yes, they will fight, — that's certain."

The turmoil fell behind. We were out of the harbor.

"I don't think there's any doubt of our being pirates," said Jim.

"But at least successful ones."

"That will be a consolation when they hang us," Lord Denburden's grandson acknowledged.

Such is the true account of the causes leading to, and the actual act of, piracy on the part of Jim Enleen's yacht *Dorinda*; and such was the beginning of the defence of Issouan against the intrigues of a lot of Orientals, one Yankee, and a Frenchman, whom we didn't know at that time, although, as I say, Hicks had mentioned him to me.

"I wonder what Hicks thinks?" Enleen asked, with a laugh.

"That we are fools; that the complaint against him will amount to nothing because made by a man who has turned out a pirate; and finally, and totally, that he will succeed yet."

Jim mused for a moment. "I must see what the doctor says of Beck's wound. I must thank the crew, and tell them that I will see that they don't suffer. And then, we must look to the prisoner."

"I am here, sir," said the Sheik's voice over our shoulders, "as much in debt as a man can be."

"Well, you see," said Jim, blushing, I believe, if it hadn't been too dark for us to have seen him, "it really was, sir, the only human thing we could have done."

I was glad Jim made that speech. I don't know what I should have said. It's embarrassing sometimes to be thanked and praised. It's easier to do things, as Enleen says. But then Enleen did this thing, not I; it was his suggestion, his men, his pluck, his lack of consideration of personal consequence.

We were at this time well out to sea.

## Chapter VII

### The Expedition for the Relief of Rosola

**E**NLEEN has said often in recalling his first impression of Ahmed Pasha,—for I will call him that from now on,—that he felt him to be a cultivated gentleman, in the way that some of those Turks are, with more, a reserve of honesty, which all Oriental diplomatists do not have. For Ahmed Pasha was first of all a diplomatist, and the history of his life is one of the most wonderful true stories I ever have heard. But of that, presently.

He expressed himself very simply and directly for all the favors we had done him; and then proceeded to state his own situation.

“My daughter is in Rosola, besieged probably. I don’t believe my men have

yet given up. I ask you to let me off in the morning, at some point of the coast — if you will."

"His daughter," said Enleen, looking at me keenly. "I don't believe you mentioned her, Tom."

"Well, I don't believe I have," I said rather guiltily.

"Have you met her?"

"Yes, we dined one night at Mr. Dering's place in Devonshire," Ahmed Pasha put in.

"Is it true, sir, — it must be, since all this rumpus has been kicked up, — that you have a treasure in Issouan?"

"Yes," said the other gravely, "quite true. It has supplied my family's needs for many generations."

"I fancy you are an older family than the Enleens," Jim said. "It must once have been something rather big, and must be still for them to be looking after it, — and taking so many risks."

"It is considerable," said the Ahmed gravely.

"Why, in this day and time, haven't

you taken it and invested it in anything in London,—in consols, in American railroads, in real estate?"

"Well," said Ahmed, smiling, "you have a right to ask questions, after the service you have done me. I will explain. The tribe of Issouan always has been independent, both because the chiefs had money to bribe their neighbors, and because they all, including myself, have been successful diplomatists and politicians,—in Rome, in Egypt, among the Moors in Spain, with the Turks. We always have had three or four hundred fighting men. While that is not so many, to be sure, we have been protected beyond bribery by the fear of our power in the outer world. In fact, in our long line, I am the first who has been exiled twice. The first time, although I was under sentence of death, I returned to Constantinople through Persia in the train of a French diplomatist. There at some risk I regained the Sultan's favor. I have lost it again, as you know. Nor did I anticipate this extraordinary agree-



ment between Abdul Mahommed and the hill tribes to pillage me."

"I think we made that same Abdul think a bit about it," said Enleen sententiously. "What can you, sir, do alone and unaided in Issouan?"

"I will do what I may," Ahmed replied.

"There is no power you can call on?"

"Issouan is a fief of Dorola."

"Yes, yes," said Enleen slowly; and then he turned to me. "You know, Tom, we are pirates already."

"Yes," said I; "we have decided that we must be."

"Then," said he eagerly, "will it make our case worse if I persuade thirty of our men to go with us to help the Sheik in Issouan?"

I had been thinking of this myself, but I had not dared to formulate it. We had violated the laws of nations most certainly; how should this make the matter worse? —and I thought of the girl up there in the mountains. If the blood of the fighting Enleens decided Jim, I think the thought of Zuleka persuaded me.

Ahmed had listened gravely while we talked of this; and now he said he could not suffer us to do it. It was not fair to us. We were young men, Anglo-Saxons. We could not afford to meddle in an Oriental embroglio. He appreciated our kindness, but he could not allow it. Jim said nothing to this; only bent his head as if agreeing, although I knew, his mind once made up, nothing could change him.

“I, now, have something to say to the men,” he said. “Will you come on deck and listen?”

When they were assembled, he thanked them all for the good fight they had made in the prison. He shook Peters’ hand, and Ferguson’s, and the men cheered.

“But, men,” he went on, “this adventure is not over. This gentleman” — and he pointed to Ahmed — “is resolved to go to his own little mountain land, which is besieged by those savages. I, James Enleen, cannot let him go alone. Mr. Dering goes with me. I don’t ask any of

you to go, but those who wish to stake their fortunes with ours in this affair may say ay, and I shall hold it against no man if he may not wish to take the adventure. For, after all, a man's first duty is to himself,—to his wife, his children. As for myself, I shall make my will to-night, which will hold with my family,—although no lawyer shall draw it up,—and every man who goes with me shall have five hundred pounds.”

As the men cheered, he continued:

“I shall leave the *Dorinda* with Mr. Mackenzie.”

Mackenzie was the mate, and now he stepped forward.

“Not with me, sir, for I will go with you.”

“All who will go with me on these terms, come aft then,” Jim cried; and, I declare, every man of that crew crossed over.

Then Jim took off his cap, as we stood there under the stars, and he said with a choking voice: “I thank you for it, my friends. This proves that an Englishman

resents an outrage wherever it may be done. But you all can't go. Twenty men must be left with Mr. Mackenzie to look after the *Dorinda*."

When Mackenzie again expostulated, he said that Ferguson was the mate's superior in rank, and that as he had volunteered, he must let him go. But he left it with Mackenzie to select the twenty men who were to remain on the *Dorinda*. He instructed the mate to keep along that coast, and to surrender the vessel to none save to an English war-ship. He himself would write out the explanation of the affair at Dorola, word for word; and he would promise them that the Enleens would see that they came to no harm nor want. He went below and wrote this paper, and when Ferguson brought the list of the twenty men Mackenzie had selected as a crew, and of the twenty-nine who were to go, he drew up the will—or request to his relatives—he had promised, adding a provision of a hundred pounds each for Mackenzie and his men.

The meanwhile Ahmed had been ner-

---

vously pacing about. I think now that he did not know what to say in his appreciation of this surprising treatment at our hands,—at Jim Enleen's hands, I should say; and when I say that, I can add that it seems to me one of the finest undertakings I ever have known or heard of. Here was one of the fighting Enleens, as noble as any of the great captains of his line, starting out to head an expedition which promised no honor, only obloquy, and the satisfaction of the spirit of adventure, and of helping those who, so far as the nations were concerned, were quite without hope.

## Chapter VIII

### The Man who carried the Mist

**I**T was near dawn I think before one of us took any sleep ; and I, for my part, was tired enough after the exciting events which suddenly had seized the humdrum course of my life. So when Grimmins shook me roughly, it hardly seemed as if I had closed my eyes at all. On deck the men, after a hasty breakfast, were already assembled. Every one of the volunteers was equipped with his Winchester, pistols, and cutlass, and a three days' supply of bacon and ship biscuits. For although Issouan is but thirty English miles inland from this part of the coast, we did not know by what devious route we might have to approach the little mountain land, besieged as it now probably was by all the tribes in its neighborhood, as well as by

whatever force Abdul Mahommed would be able to put into the field.

The *Dorinda* now lay at anchor close in under the coast which lifts suddenly at this spot. A scurrying wind had scattered the low clouds that had helped our attack on the prison. The Mediterranean lay far-reaching and smooth under the low winter sun. The shining expanse was scattered with sails, with on the northern horizon the smoke of steamships, which might or might not be seeking the *Dorinda*.

The boats were lowered, and we were over the side,—while the men shouted farewells.

“Remember the orders, Mackenzie,” Enleen cried back.

“Ay, ay, sir,” came the mate’s sturdy reply, and we had left the good ship behind, and before us lay a great uncertainty. The man for whom we were taking the risk sat gravely scanning the coast we were approaching. Jim Enleen himself stood erect and strong, every line of his figure showing a man who is born to command.

"Who would have thought, Tom, to see me dallying in Park Row last summer, that I should undertake war on my own account, as if I were a reigning sovereign?"

"We can't count on you, Jim," I said, laughing.

"Just think, I was sending women flowers then, and making love to little Fanny Barclay. This is better than one of Fanny's smiles."

"I thought you were rather badly hit, Jim," said I.

"And now we are on our way to assist the oppressed, and to rescue a besieged maiden,—as if we were in a novel with buried treasure included."

The Sheik turned, appreciative of our humor; for, as I say, he was one of those men who have lived much in a cosmopolitan society.

"I understand your English rather well. You know I married my wife in England, where I was attaché on the Turkish embassy."

Jim whispered to me, "Then he had only one." "Shut up, you old duffer,"



said I. And Ahmed Pasha, without showing that he had heard us, answered the question.

“There are some women in this world, young men, who are greater than one’s theories, — even than one’s religion. You must believe me, although you never may meet such a woman. When the lady, who was my daughter’s mother, gave me herself, I had a trust, to respect her prejudices. For her people were bitterly opposed to such a match, you may believe. And what pleases me now, my friends, is the thought that I think I made her happy. And now she knows that, despite the feelings of my people, I have brought up her daughter as she wished.”

“A good woman,” said Enleen slowly, “can do a deal for a man. One meets so many who, if not bad, pretend to be. A man sometimes begins to think that the good ones are all gone from the world.”

“You will find out sometime, perhaps,” said the Sheik of Issouan; and Enleen did not answer. He, too, looked grave.

Afterwards, I remember, on our tedious

journey, Enleen asked me if I remembered the story of Lady Mary Geron, the then Lord Duesdal's second daughter. "It was before your time in England, of course, but old women tell it over now. She ran away with a young member of the Turkish Legation, — one of the handsomest of men, they say; I can believe it," he said, pointing to the Sheik. "Then," I said, "she has the blood of the Thorn-ton." "You seem mightily interested in the girl I haven't seen," Enleen retorted.

But to return to the narrative, which I am anticipating. We made the landing at the place Ahmed Pasha directed, one of the most lonely spots on the coast. Then with a last good-by to the boat crew, we started inland. The march would be a long one, as a good deal of it must be hill climbing, and our thirty miles easily might turn to fifty before we could find it safe to approach Rosola. The rising plain which lay before us under that winter morning North African sun, showed now and then some wild rider, — who shouted and disappeared, perhaps to warn the Sultan

of Dorola. We felt the more as we advanced how perilous the expedition really was; how easily we might be surrounded and cut to pieces. The Jacks after some hours began to grumble a bit, as they will; for the long march began to tell on men unaccustomed to much walking. We regretted that we had no horses nor camels, although the Sheik assured us that he should be able to get donkeys sometime after noon,—if the enemy had not already burned the village for friendliness to Issouan.

I must not delay too long over a description of the journey or the country. This, indeed, is not a traveller's note-book, but an account of what actually happened to us adventurers in that North African journey: a particular explanation, which I believe never has been given, although indeed the journalists have been keen enough about it. They are enterprising fellows, those journalists; but, even if they may be zealous, it's surprising how much useless fiction—to say nothing of useless facts—you take with your morning paper and coffee.

Well, we stopped for lunch of bacon and biscuits by a spring that welled from a hillside. We started on, and came, an hour after noon, to the village of the donkeys. There the chief fell on his face before Ahmed, as if he had been a god, and explained in Arabic that war was in Issouan, and that all the mountain villages had been burned, and the women and children and cattle and goats carried away, — although many of the families had escaped to Rosola, which still held out, Allah be thanked. I saw Ahmed's face turn fierce, and he cried out passionately in Arabic, and, although we did not know the tongue, we knew he was vowing vengeance, "eye for eye," "tooth for tooth." Then he sent on a runner to announce his approach to such of his tribe as might be hidden in the mountains.

When Enleen told the men, they forgot their weariness, and pushed on with all their first enthusiasm. The ground lifted. It is, I believe, one of the fairest landscapes in all the world, — meadow-

land scattered with wooded clumps, and above the blue and gray peaks. Ahmed had thought it prudent to take the round-about way, and when we went into camp that night in a narrow ravine, we were joined by twenty of the men of Issouan, — whom the runner had found, — tall fellows, almost white, with strong fine faces. Their dress is like that of the ordinary Bedouins, but they themselves are of another race, with the distinction that a lineage of mountain living gives a line. They, too, brought the news that a great army besieged Rosola, and that the Sultan himself was there; with all the mountain tribes united into one army, and a Frenchman directing the operations.

“Who is this fellow?” Enleen asked.  
“I hope I may hang him.”

“He is the leader of a body of deserters from Algiers, — a man, born noble, — a well-mannered, but treacherous man,” the Sheik said.

“Are there many of these fellows?”

“About a hundred, I believe,” the Sheik replied. “They are outlaws of

all kinds, you know, — not necessarily French."

That night as I lay under the stars, I could not sleep. A man can't change suddenly into a campaigner with none of the habit of it. Above on the heights were the stealthy sentinels, men of Issouan. Around me slept our men. There was Enleen, sleeping the sleep of the just. There were the boson's burly form, and Ferguson's slighter figure; and there was the Sheik not sleeping nor lying down at all, but thinking of Zuleka up there in Rosola; and I, too, thought of her with dull despair. And then I must have slept; for Grimmins was shaking me, — Grimmins, who was proving as good a soldier as any one of us.

The camp was stirring, and after the hasty breakfast we stole up the narrow ravine in single file. Above hung the pines; and occasionally a great bird soared. The sky was wonderfully clear, and the high altitude we had reached exhilarated us. Two hours must have passed, before the word "halt" was passed. The Sheik

called to Enleen and me ; and we followed to the top of a rocky ledge fringed with bushes. Then there burst on our view one of the most remarkable sights of my life. I always shall hold that the first view of Rosola is a wonderful one ; and now we saw it with all the surroundings of an army, such as Mahomet may have led out of Arabia, seeking conquest, Heaven, and houris.

Before us was a level tableland, perhaps five miles across. At its very centre an oblong precipitous rock rose five hundred feet, surmounted by the towers of a village which projected above a battlemented wall. I saw, even at that distance, that the architecture of the place was not of the Roman, the Saracen, nor of the more recent periods ; Rosola was certainly very ancient. Up two sides of the cliff precipitous paths rose to narrow gates. These appeared to be the only possible entrances. Whatever defence the rock might be able to make against modern artillery, — the artillery in use since 1870, — it once must have been practically impregnable.

Now on the walls we could see dark figures, muskets in hand.

The Sheik said, "Ibrahim!"

"How is it provisioned?" asked the practical Enleen.

"If there are seven hundred people there, as I am told, — for not more than ten days."

Enleen looked at me, and I at him; and then we watched the tableland, black with a multitude; a great army for that place. I believe there must have been three or four thousand men, — and such a varied lot as you may imagine if you have read the great Gordon's journal; or even if you have been a tourist up the Nile. They completely surrounded Rosola on its rock. And the reason that Jim and I looked at each other questioningly, was that we saw no way under Heaven how we could get into the fort; it seemed as if our journey had been wasted. What could we do even if we were there? Still it would profit the garrison to have such an addition as Enleen and his men.



And then as we debated, a strange, a wonderful thing happened. I hesitate in recounting it here. If it were a lie, it would be believed; as a truth, it will appear a lie.

Now I have heard stories of Oriental magic, as you all have. I have believed them up to a certain point. I never before had seen anything such as we saw there; and yet, indeed, it might have been due entirely to natural phenomena. But the occurrence, coming as it did, when the question of entering the fortress seemed insoluble, certainly was passing strange.

For as we three stood there watching the scene, our men back of us, a hundred feet or more, — a fourth was in our group. A man, thin, dark, wiry, old, naked save for a loin cloth, a great white beard falling over his breast and hiding his face, — a man with tangled white hair and sunken far-away eyes stood among us. I rubbed my eyes, and Jim his. But the Sheik fell down before him, exactly as the chief of the village where we had found

the donkeys had fallen down before the Sheik.

Then the stranger extended long skinny arms toward the tableland, and began a low chant in a tongue I never had heard, — in a voice which was as an echo.

And suddenly, although I swear a moment before the sky was clear as a bell, the scene blurred. A damp mist bit our faces; it was as when a ship plunges into a fog bank. The chant grew low and stopped; the fog scurried in waves about us, and we heard the Sheik's voice to Enleen.

"Form your men in two's," he said almost imperatively. "Have every man put his left hand on his neighbor's shoulder, and sling his Winchester over his own; his cutlass in his right hand."

He himself led us down to where we had left the men; and I think it was the Sheik rather than Enleen who formed them. For all was a white blur before our eyes. I have been in London of a January day, when the cabby walked by

his horse's head ; but I never have known a denser fog. I remember now that I heard the boson exclaiming at the sudden changes in the weather of that mountain land.

"We are to pass through their ranks in the mist," said the Sheik, still in the tone of command. He had himself, as I have said, formed the line. So at the word we started, he leading, Enleen and I close at his back.

"Not a word," he said.

So we began ; Enleen and I yielding to this domination, like men in a dream ; and so we passed on, we knew not whither, but down a smooth path, and then over some levels of tall, tangled grass. An hour must have passed. Every man had his cutlass drawn, as ordered ; Enleen and I, our revolvers. But the Sheik had noted some openings in the line. He knew from memory, perhaps almost by instinct, every foot of the tableland. An hour must have passed with only the tramp of fifty marching men, the twenty mountaineers who had joined us the pre-

vious night making our force that number. These fellows formed the rear of the line.

After an hour, for the progress was necessarily very slow and difficult, the way began to rise, and the mist lifting we saw we were treading a well-worn path; and suddenly the fog swept away. Yes, swept away; for with a rush of cold wind on our faces, we found ourselves in the sunlight under the towering walls of Rosola.

Back of us rose a cry of amazement, a babel of tongues.

"Ibrahim!" cried the Sheik at the gate.

Bullets suddenly whistled, and there was the rattle of an irregular discharge. There was an answer from our rear, which had faced about, and from the battlements above, whence was a shout. And then the gate opened, and Ibrahim, the Sheik's Lieutenant, stood in the way.

As we rushed in we saw a long narrow street, into which we ran; a tumultuous, shouting crowd of women and children was pouring from the houses. Ibrahim

clanged the gate, while the firing continued from the outside and the battlements.

"I must see my daughter, if you will excuse me," said the Sheik urbanely. Suddenly he was again Ahmed Pasha, the urbane polished man of affairs, who had dined with us that night in Devonshire. "Ibrahim will look after the men, and I will send for you directly," he added.

He walked up the street, the women and children falling down before him, and crying out, and following him.

Enleen turned an amazed, frightened face to me.

"Did that naked chap carry the fog in his pocket, or did it blow down from the mountains?"

"We don't know the weather in this country, Mr. Enleen," Captain Ferguson observed.

"It's a rum sort o' weather, anyway," we heard one of the men say.

"A sailor orter expect anythin'," began another. "Now this reminds me of off the banks, — only more sudden."

Then Enleen and I looked around at his huddling crew. Jack may be brave indeed, but when he faces the supernatural he turns your arrant coward.

"Why, it was just fog, boys," Enleen cried.

"Why, just fog," echoed the boson. And, directly in the sunlight, they began to believe that was indeed all it was; just fog. Now, as for me, I can't be sure; it probably was; the supernatural may not exist. I only have put it down as it impressed us then. It was, at the most, a curious coincidence.

The meanwhile the musketry kept up; and Ibrahim from barring the gate turned to us.

"If you will follow me, Excellencies," he said in English.

## Chapter IX

### Zuleka

**A**FTER the episode of the mist, natural or supernatural, although it might have been, the sound of our own English on the tongue of a mild-looking fellow, — as the mountaineer Ibrahim certainly was, — I think reassured all of us, from the merest sailor up to that “fighting Enleen” who really led the expedition. Then for a moment we looked around at the high mountains and the line of irregular roofs against them, and the matter-of-fact blue sky above.

“These men of mine are to be used in the defence,” Enleen hastened to say. “We only want something to eat, and to have the chance to look over your works.”

Ibrahim bowed gravely.

“I understand, sir,” he said. “I have

been with my master much about Europe."

"Your mistress I hope may be well," said Enleen at this. "You can hold back those fellows with the shots from the walls?" he asked, with the inherited soldier's instinct strong within him; for still the sharp staccato of musketry kept up.

Ibrahim then explained that we were to go first to his master, and he motioned up the street. This was long, narrow, paved, singularly clean for an Oriental thoroughfare, edged each side by the low stucco houses, and leading to a square with a tall stone structure in its centre. The building might have been a prison or a palace, for it stood there in that clear light, formidable, and gray; it looked indeed very old, and belonged to the Egyptian style of architecture, if indeed to any style that I knew. From its centre rose a high round tower, which I had observed in the first view of the fortified village. Toward this structure Ibrahim now led, explaining that he would arrange



the men's quarters; he then asked us to enter the broad doorway. After Jim had given some direction, he and I followed him without a word.

We were in a low-ceilinged room, and, I think, we both gave a cry of surprise; for the place was furnished in the European fashion, very richly, indeed, with many rare rugs about the floors. From the shadow somewhere a young lady, who wore an English riding-habit, came forward to meet us; and again I saw my acquaintance of that evening in Devon. She was, perhaps, paler, but she looked for all the world like a girl in England, and I remembered what I knew of her Mother.

"I have heard of all you have done from my Father," she said, smiling pleasantly. "I owe you so much, Mr. Dering; and you, Mr. Enleen," she added, turning to Jim.

I think that after our experiences nothing could have been stranger than this almost conventional reception.

She turned and called, when one of

the mountaineers appeared, who, she said, would look to us, as we doubtless wished to brush up a bit before breakfast, which would follow soon; and she added that our men should be attended to at once.

"We are in war, it seems," she went on. "But I am sure the men of Issouan can look after Rosola for the present, and you certainly deserve a little rest."

Enleen simply stared; and, possibly, I did nothing much better. I may have expected her in tears. I never had thought of seeing here in Northern Africa this self-contained and most polite young lady, who had had surrender, imprisonment, and the most fearsome fate, staring her in the face. And, I noted again, as we left her, how sweetly charming she was.

We were taken into a low chamber, where jugs of cold water were brought, and, as we dashed it over our faces, Enleen asked:

"Why in the world didn't you tell me we had that to expect? I shouldn't have paused for a moment."

"I don't think you have, from the first," said I. "I thought her very pretty."

"Eh, pretty?" Enleen cried. "This explains why you dared to defy that chap, Hicks. I should say she was."

The while the firing kept up, and he added impatiently:

"I think I can help them a bit. Abdul Mahommed will be bringing some of his cannon to bear on us directly."

But the servant — gentle, suave, Oriental — interrupted, as hurried as we had been; our host bade us to his board, since there was much to do. This man, like Ibrahim, spoke good English.

"The mingling of everyday life with an Arabian Nights experience is certainly extraordinary," Enleen whispered, as we followed the servant through the entrance chamber into a low narrow room, appointed in the modern European fashion. We might have been in London; and, I think, had it not been for the picturesque costume of Issouan which the Sheik still wore, that we should have

been quite ready to have believed that such was the case; for this man talked in the quiet manner of the cultivated host, while Zuleka looked, as I say, — save for those wonderful eyes, — quite the English girl. Yet we had but to glance out of the window to know the difference; and there was borne to our ears the rattle of musketry. A pack of barbarous fanatics had us surrounded here on this rock. We needed all our wit to extricate ourselves. And this man was the chief of this hill tribe, — a man of the most remarkable history, which we had every reason to believe; a record of strange inheritance, and of a treasure like that in Monte Cristo. What is truth, and what fiction, in this world?

“Our positions are reversed,” Zuleka was saying to me. “You are not now my host.”

“It seems as if this might be your own Sotherby Hall, where your Father bade us that evening,” said I.

“It is Issouan in war-time,” she said, with a little sigh.

"How hard it must have been, when you were here alone!"

"I — alone!" Zuleka cried with a little shoulder shrug. "I was busy, Mr. Dering. I was on the walls most of the time directing the defence. We could hold out now,—forever,—were it not for the provisions."

"You are brave," said I. "I wonder if any other woman I know would not have given up."

"Oh, Mr. Dering, don't you know what they say, that it's easy to be brave when the big things of life are concerned? Yet"—and she looked at Enleen, who was talking with the Sheik of the defences—"no one could have done a greater thing than Mr. Enleen and you. You saved my Father's life. And now you have brought him to me. You, too, take the risk of death; for we are in a very dangerous position, indeed."

When a pretty woman thanks a man, he must feel vain, I suppose; but that moment I didn't feel so at all; I felt as if I were ashamed in some way, as if I

should take her away from all this danger, — as if it were a crime that I did not.

But Enleen's talk helped me out of my embarrassment.

"And the man we saw before that providential fog arose? It was strange how that happened in the nick of time."

Then the Sheik said gravely: "Nothing is strange before God. What do we know of nature that we should scoff, my friends?"

"It was," said Zuleka, leaning forward on the table, "Isman Seyd?"

"Who, pray, is he?" Enleen asked in his practical way of going directly to the point at issue.

"Shall I tell you? Will you believe me?" said our host. "Isman Seyd, they say, is as old as Rosola. However that may be, I remember when I was a small boy, he seemed as old as he does now. There was a tradition among us that he could do all things, — that he had what you call occult powers. As for the fog, it may have come through Isman; it may have been a mist that blew suddenly out

of the hills, which is not unusual in this region. Allah knows, my friends. But Isman is the other, I told you of, who knows the secret of this house, — he alone, besides myself and Zuleka, for Zuleka is the last of our race. As for Isman, he lives alone in the forest, as I say, since I remember. He was a holy man, who lost his holiness by sin, and he only rarely can do those things. His power has almost gone. Of course I can't ask you to believe that he made the mist which permitted us to reach Rosola. But still, being an Oriental, I am inclined to mysticism."

He stated this almost as I have put it down here, as nonchalantly as any man of the world, not asking us to believe as he did ; yet with a certain gravity, as if he himself took all this indeed very much in earnest. I think both Enleen and I were impressed by his manner. We had seen so much that was strange lately that we were not inclined to scoff at anything at all.

So the dinner went on, while the ser-

vant went about, save for his strange costume, like any lackey in the world. Then, when it was over, we four went out, and looked over the works, and out at the besiegers. I could distinguish several white men there; and one, the Sheik observed, was Dumont, the former officer of the engineers in Algiers. Enleen took him very seriously; for he thought a man skilled as this one was might prove most dangerous against our poor defences. And what would happen if the Sultan of Dorola brought his guns from Dorola?

"That fellow Hicks is something of an engineer," he added. "He told me that once."

"They are bent on having the treasure," said I.

The Sheik had been listening, looking out over the scene, and now suddenly he turned to us very gravely, and said:

"I believe they have said they would not leave a pebble of the rock of Rosola."

Enleen consulted with Ferguson, and stationed his men. We all yielded to



his genius; and he became practically commandant of our little force. The mountaineers were good fighting men, brave to the last, even anxious to die for their chief and his family. We could not underrate them; but we were glad to have our English sailors, and indeed we arranged our forces—some three hundred and fifty men all told—in the English way in Oriental countries, scattering our men among the natives.

So some days passed; when we lodged in the Sheik's house in the square; when I saw Zuleka many times every day; when that good Enleen seemed perfectly happy in his duties,—save when he wondered about the *Dorinda*, and the consequence of our act of piracy; days to me delightful, had it not been for our constant apprehension. What if they should bring the cannon? What would happen when our provisions gave out? We all were on half rations now; and we no longer had a dinner like that first at the Sheik's.

The enemy had made small demonstra-

tion, as if they were waiting for their cannon. But one morning the inevitable happened. Abdul Mahommed's gun carriages appeared over the slope, a half dozen I think, — and we, in the stillness, could almost hear the voices of the drivers belaboring the oxen; in the stillness, I say; for the foolish musket firing had stopped; only both sides were constantly alert, expecting anything. I wondered how Zuleka could be so calm, how she could stand the strain, which was wearing on me.

“I have delayed too long,” said Jim. “I should have done it before. There is nothing else to do.”

“What is that?” asked I foolishly.

“I must risk my skin, and sally out and get help.”

“Of course, help,” said I. “But there's none, is there?”

“Did it ever occur to you that the French or English should step in to preserve order in Dorola, — particularly as the Sultan has French and English bondholders? If you can hold out a week, I

will have a regiment here, or my name is not Enleen."

"You will be cut to pieces," I said.

"Yes," said Zuleka softly. "We can at least die together, — now."

He walked to her, and took her hand, and said: "You shall not die, cooped in this place, — if I can prevent it." I wished I had said it in just that way; and for the first time in my life, I began to be jealous of Jim. I saw clearly that he was in love with Zuleka, and it was only natural that she should be with so splendid a fellow.

The Sheik had been reflecting on what Enleen had said.

"It is certain," he said, "we can't hold out against their cannon. We might starve. As for Zuleka—" There was a fierce light in his eyes, and I knew that he meant he would kill her before she should fall into their hands.

We were standing at that point of the wall where Ferguson commanded; and Enleen now called to his captain. For some moments they talked together; and then he turned to us.

"Ferguson agrees. Either Dering or I shall lead the sally. It will be better I, because, frankly, I have more influence in Cairo."

"It will take a fortnight, — should you get through."

"The chances are that we shan't," said Jim grimly. "But something must be done."

"What if they won't interfere?" I asked.

"They will, for I will make them," he said briefly.

At the moment a ball came whistling over our heads and fell crashing into the town.

"The Frenchman is training his guns," said Enleen.

I looked at Zuleka. She was very pale that moment. I couldn't resist stepping close to her.

"Why do you and Enleen do so much for us?" she asked in a low voice.

"We are doing it for ourselves now," said I. "As for me, — I couldn't help saying it that moment, — "it is because I

love you, and that, too, may be Enleen's reason."

The color slowly mounted to her face.

"It couldn't have been at first, for he never had seen me."

"Ah, I had," I said eagerly.

She turned, and descended the stone steps into the town; and I wondered if I had offended her.

"Yes, it is uncertain, — for us all," Ahmed Pasha was saying to Enleen. "We are all likely to lose our lives. Yet one of us may escape. Allah knows. You may in that sortie to-night. You may die. But it is fitting that you, who have done me so many favors, should know the secret of Issouan."

"We don't ask that," Enleen said. "Yet we will try to respect your wishes."

"And both of you will protect her and her interests. You have proven it."

"Yes," said I. And Jim said in a low tone, "Yes."

Then, after giving Ferguson an order, we turned and followed the Sheik, down the stair, into the town.

Some more shells sailed over our heads. I shuddered, thinking of all the possibilities. As we entered the Sheik's house, — for he led thither, — we heard a woman's shrieks. For a moment my heart stood still; but Ahmed Pasha explained that this was Zuleka's French maid, — the same woman who had been with her that night in Devon. She was hysterical with terror; and I knew her mistress was there trying to comfort her. But the sound sickened me, as I think it did Enleen. We both were thinking of what might happen to Zuleka.

## Chapter X

### The Catacomb

THE quality of strangeness is that it easily turns to acquaintanceship. I dare say, if ghosts were the occasional earthly visitors the spiritualists declare they are, that we should think no more about them than of an occasional headache, if we never had headaches, or of poor coffee at breakfast when we had been accustomed to nothing but good. So when Ahmed Pasha led us down in the vaults under his house to show us a treasure which had so stirred Northern Africa, I think that neither Enleen nor I thought it unusual. I have dwelt on this fact, I believe, several times in the course of this narrative; yet now, — that my life has again fallen on quieter times, — I will confess that this affair seems

strange to me. But it is no stranger than many things we see in our everyday life ; no more so than many other facts which are well proven and accepted. For example, if Napoleon First had never lived, the man who would have dared to write his life as a piece of romance would have been declared a writer of an extraordinary, but improbable, fiction.

To return to the facts of this case, while the ex-French artillery officer, Captain Dumont, was experimenting with his guns, — while consternation was falling on the besieged, — Ahmed Pasha led us by a door in his main hall, and down about a hundred feet of steps into a cavern that must have extended nearly under the whole town. For the place was astonishingly vast, dimly lit from above. The Sheik explained that the floor was about fifty feet above the level of the outside plain. The high vaulted roof was supported by great square pillars cut out of the solid stone. The cave had been hollowed out of the rock of Rosola with the most incredible labor, and one wondered



—as one always does in seeing these ancient monuments—at the power and knowledge which had been able to accomplish, centuries ago, what would tax the ingenuity of a modern engineer with all the devices for blasting and labor which the world now has. At one side—the vaults seemed to be a quarter of a mile across—was a series of stone tombs, and there the Sheik told us were the dead of his family for generations. There his Father and Mother and brother had been laid in stone coffins; and there he himself expected to be taken in his turn. He said this quietly; but we all appreciated how near death was to every soul in Rosola; and I caught myself shivering, although I never had thought myself afraid of death.

“Zuleka is the last of the line,” he went on. “You two have proven so disinterested that, as I have said, I know you can be trusted. It is rare,” he added with a return of Oriental subtlety and pessimism, “that men can be trusted with the knowledge of great riches.”

"You told me once," I replied, "that even if Rosola were taken, you doubted if the secret could be found."

"I have held that opinion," he replied; "but with capable mining engineers, such as I think they have, I don't this moment feel so sure of it."

"They doubtless will tear the rock to pieces with dynamite," he said again.

I was studying an inscription in Arabic on one of the coffins. These, too, sent a chill through me; for they held the remains of many powerful men, whose names had been before the world. Here were the forbears of the girl who was above comforting the frightened Frenchwoman. That old, mysterious blood was hers equally with that of the distinguished English family whose daughter had run away with the young Turkish attaché.

The Pasha now took a lantern from beside one of the tombs. I asked him if he did not fear that he would be watched by some spies in his service.

"There are none among my people," he said almost contemptuously. "The

door from the hall to the stair is never locked, and never opened, by any one besides Zuleka or myself,—save in the case of a family death.”

The lantern gave a strong light, that vied with the pale dayshine, which entered certain slits, as I believe I said, in the roof. These, I afterward learned, were never more than six inches across, and hardly would admit a man’s arm. So the only entrance to the catacomb was by the stair from Ahmed Pasha’s house.

He now led to about the centre of the place, and, putting the lantern down, sank on to his knees while he passed the palm of his hand over the rocky floor. I have not explained, I believe, that the surface was smooth, with an occasional slight depression, or a jutting piece of rock, exactly as the ancient workmen’s chisels had left it. But here, where the Pasha kneeled, there appeared no particular difference in the floor. Enleen, who had said nothing since we had entered the vault, now whispered, “It can’t be he will find a trap-door there?”

The Pasha still kept pressing on the floor, now strongly with both hands. And then a strange thing happened; for about five feet of the floor slid away under that pressure, and we were peering down into a narrow hole, which seemed to descend twenty or thirty feet.

"It is fully thirty feet of solid rock," Ahmed said, looking up. "So you will see that blasting in this floor, if they get so far as that, they will hardly be able to stir this rock."

"How could that rock move away?" said the practical Enleen, in his astonishment.

"We say that we are civilized, and know the arts. Five thousand years ago men knew more about mechanics than we," said Ahmed gravely. "Now we will descend."

I then saw that steps were cut in the side of the opening, with projecting handles to support the climber. Ahmed began to descend with the lantern and we followed, while a close dry air, which seemed to smell of incense, came from below. Presently I, who was before Enleen, stepped

down into sand or dust, as it proved, which rose to above my ankles. I then saw we were in a low chamber which was about forty feet across. The lantern, which was a brilliant one, lit it fitfully, showing on one side piles of mummy cases.

“They are as they were brought from Egypt; the cases of a great dynasty. When they fled to this secret place among the wild mountains, they brought their dead,” said the Pasha reverently.

The other walls were heaped with stone and iron chests. One of these the Pasha opened, and we saw a marvellous pile of rubies and diamonds, sapphires and emeralds. He held them up, and they fell back, a tinkling pile of wonderful crystals, that sent back to the lantern blue and red and green rays. Another chest was filled with gold pieces, the coinage of a forgotten Pharaoh. The riches seemed incalculable, and in writing this now, I remember I felt a certain lust for those things. I could understand how the knowledge of their existence here in that mountain land

had stirred up a whole country side. I could feel in myself that which sometimes turns men hitherto honest to hideous crimes, to fiendish cunning. Enleen confessed afterward to the same desire. We were but men ; and I believe from that moment I began to have the least feeling of sympathy with the astute and dishonest Hicks, out of whose subtle brain the organization of the expedition against Rosola had come. To go more into details, there must have been fifty of these chests, and perhaps fifty that were empty. I could not calculate the amount of the treasure ; but afterward it was inventoried at about thirty millions of pounds sterling, so that the owner of Rosola was really among the world's very great millionaires. The original fugitive from Egypt must have quite depleted the treasury, and left a very barren land, indeed, to his conqueror and successor. I have heard since that now it is currently believed that many of the best rubies came from the collection. And this was the treasure which Ahmed Pasha chose that we should guard

in trust for his daughter. In her case, he said that he wanted a departure from the tradition of his race; he desired the fortune deposited in trust for her in London or Paris. The probabilities were, indeed, that Rosola would be rased to the ground, but it might not happen that our enemy should find the treasure. Then if either Enleen or I should survive Ahmed or his daughter, he wished that the fortune should be spent in charities, in relieving the poor of Constantinople and of Dorola. These things Enleen and I promised to do. I never shall forget the scene in that still, dead place. This fortune had been obtained by blood, by oppression, by robbery. It had remained in one family that had persisted most remarkably through the ages; and now the last of the family—in the event of the line failing—asked us, an English gentleman and a young American, to see that it went back to the people.

The vault received air only from above, and it was hot and stifled that we again reached the great chamber above. The

Pasha explained the ingenious spring which moved the rock ; and then, having closed the opening and put the lantern back in its place beside the stone coffin, we ascended the long stair and stepped out into a hall, which, as I have said, had all the comfortable appointments of a modern room in England or France or America.

K



## Chapter XI

### Enleen's Sortie

**T**HE louder firing of the newly arrived guns still kept up, and Enleen and I hurried to the defences, leaving the Pasha, who wished to talk with Zuleka. We were assailed as we came into the square by a most dismal wailing of women and children,—a sort of death chant over a half dozen men who had been shot on the walls. Two of these victims proved to have been our sailors, which seemed to dash Enleen's already sober spirits a bit more. But Ferguson said, that while we had met this catastrophe he had found that the enemy's cannon were too light for their purpose of demolishing the town. Enleen already had told Ferguson of his plan of leaving Rosola in the hope of getting help from some source or

other. Now he said he had talked with Peters and the men, who all declared that they still were ready to go wherever the Honorable Jim might lead them. I think tears were in my friend's eyes as he heard this; and it is not a nice thing to see tears in the eyes of a man like Jim Enleen.

"Some of them—perhaps all of them—are bound to die," he said; "and it's for me, you know."

"Look here, Jim," I said, "I don't see why you don't let me go."

"The same old objection, Tom," he said, smiling. "I happen to be an Enleen, and only an Enleen can stir up British interference. If I die, why,—I shall die. I'm not afraid of that; I never was. But as for the men,—that is different, you know."

"Yes, it is different."

"Still, it must be done. Didn't Gordon die in Africa trying to do the right thing? We are trying to do the right thing here; and, by Jove, we will do it. Now, Tom, you mustn't sleep; you must watch. The

Pasha is a good soldier, and I am going to leave you Ferguson. But much depends on you. One good point is that the cannon we were afraid of have proven to be too light. They can't knock the place down with them, I'm convinced as well as Ferguson. But the next thing they will try an assault. I wonder that they have not done it before."

"I fancy," said I, "that they expected to batter in the walls first. It isn't a pleasant assault for a besieger to contemplate,—those steep paths up to the gates."

"No, it isn't," said he.

He scanned the plain below.

"If we only had those cannon here, we at least might frighten them a bit. But we haven't," and he turned to Ferguson. "Have the men ready."

"Not so soon?" I said.

"In an hour,—in the dusk. I will take twenty men,—cutlasses, Winchesters over the shoulders. I find we have the horses. We will tear down that slope when they least expect it. I'm going to break through there."

He pointed to a spot where their ranks appeared to be slightly broken.

"Ibrahim has found us a guide, you know. Stay here now, and take command. I must speak to the men."

Ferguson interrupted, and his face twitched. I saw he felt the situation keenly.

"You mean Peters is to go, and I'm not."

"You have a duty here, Ferguson," his employer said. "You must die for the lady of Rosola."

"Ay, ay, sir," Ferguson cried, "that I will, if you order it. But we haven't come to dying yet. I wonder how Mackenzie is getting on with *Dorinda*?"

"There are more important matters than even the *Dorinda*," Enleen said, smiling. "You say the men are ready."

As they walked away, I, left on the wall, wondered why I was not so ready a witted man as my friend. But it is a useless conjecture; God makes hearts and brains of different thoughts.

As I waited, the firing stopped.

Although they had disabled six of our men, they were ignorant of it; and they soon saw that the labor of bringing the artillery from Dorola had been useless. The sun was now low between the western peaks. The horizon suddenly flamed; and it promised a splendid sunset. I wondered if I should take it as an omen of Enleen's success.

Presently he returned, whistling a little air which had been popular at the London music halls the previous season. His face had lost some of its gravity.

"I'm in for it now, Tom. You'll have charge of Zuleka."

There was something in his tone that I resented.

"What is she to you?" I said.

"All nicè girls are interesting to me, you old duffer," he said. "Don't lose your temper."

"God forgive me if I do, Jim," I said; and we pressed each other's hands.

It happened that Zuleka was busied with the men who had been hurt in the explosion of the shell on the wall; and

she did not appear during our preparations.

The square, fallen dark, was lit by torches, showing an eager, staring group, picturesque in the extreme. (We were not thinking of picturesqueness just then, I can tell you.) The horses, stout mountain ponies, were saddled, and restive. Poor little brutes, they hadn't had their regular exercise in a long time. We might be brought to eating horse-flesh, and Jim said lightly that he was reducing our provender. He had been to bid good-by to the two wounded men, — one of whom had a bad hole in the right lung. Luckily, he was spared a worse fate by death the next day. Jim had seen Zuleka there, and I wondered what she had said to him. Now he shook hands with every one of us, from Ferguson, and Grimmins, and Ibrahim, to the other men of Issouan. He only said to me,

“Keep up your heart, Tom!”

“I'll do that, Jim. Good-by.”

“Good-by, old man,” said his cheery tone.

How was I to long for that jovial voice afterward! Then he came to Ahmed Pasha, who stood gravely waiting. What they said together, I don't know; for I couldn't endure looking at him that moment. He was going out to die, and I felt I had sent him. But if I had involved him in the complication, there, in that dareful moment, he did not appear to regret it.

I looked about; and Zuleka was coming down the steps of the house. I remember she was all in white, and that her eyes were very bright; and that she walked across to where Enleen stood by Ahmed Pasha. And when she was near him, she reached her hand to his shoulders, and kissed him on the lips twice. Then she fell on her knees, and raised her clasped hands to the sky; and suddenly a low chant arose from the women hovered about,—a chant that was a lament and a prayer. I have said the firing had stopped an hour before; and this song, plaintive, beseechful, was one of the weirdest and most impressive that I ever

have heard. (The people of Issouan, you know, are not really Mohammedans. They only pretend to be that, preserving, however, a secret worship of a God, whom they praise and implore in these strange shouts.)

For a moment Enleen seemed to hesitate. Then I heard the command, hoarse, brusque. The men said a last word to their comrades; every one mounted his pony and followed the leader, who had Peters at his heels. Ibrahim stood by the gate, which was thrown wide.

I remember I turned, and ran up the steps to the wall over the gate, where fifty men of Issouan crouched under the battlements, muskets ready. The ponies were picking their way sturdily down the steep path. And then a shout and a volley rang out. Enleen and his men dashed on, down into the dusk of the plain, which seemed alive with scurrying figures. The noise became pandemonic; we could see a struggling mass; but we could not be sure about the result. Only I felt that my friend was being killed there; that his



attempt had failed ; that I was powerless to help him.

Then I felt a hand on my shoulder, and, turning, I saw Zuleka's eyes, upturned to mine ; and as we looked at each other the voices below faded and died away.

## Chapter XII

### The Assault

“**H**E has gone,” said Zuleka.  
“Yes, gone!” said I dully.

“You loved him?” she said.

“Yes, Zuleka,” — and I never had called her by that name, — “I never had a brother, but this moment he is more to me — dead though he is — than any brother could have been.”

She laughed, strangely, softly.

“He is not dead. Men who dare like that do not die so easily. How do you know? How do I? Yet I know. I tell you he is not dead.”

“A prisoner, perhaps,” I said. “It was foolhardy. We should not have let him go.”

“Can you stop the wind when it blows out of the desert? No; for the wind blows where it listeth.”

Her hand rested on my arm for a moment; and she looked into my eyes.

"We are all in the hands of God. If he be dead, as you say, is his condition worse than ours? Is not my Mother, whom I loved, dead? I am not afraid of death. And if he be dead, is it not splendid to die like that, doing brave things bravely,—with all your heart?"

"Yes," said I. "But I can't bear to think I shall hear his voice no more."

"I say he is not dead," she repeated.

She rose now.

"I am going to look after the wounded."

"Wait," I said; and I called Grimmins, who was on duty at this point.

"You have been a good soldier, Grimmins."

"Hi 'ave done has Hi could, Mr. Tom," he said.

"Now I have another duty for you, — which you observe. You are to go with my Lady Zuleka, and you are to help her with the wounded: and you are never to leave her, — except as I tell you."

"You need him here," Zuleka said.  
"There are too few men already."

"He was in India, and learned there something about the care of the wounded," said I. "I am to be here in the defence, every moment, now."

"Will you like it better if I have him with me?" she said.

"Yes, I shall like it better," said I.

"Then I will take him," she said simply; and had turned to go. But I called her back to me.

"You kissed him," I said, — "Jim Enleen."

She looked me in the face quietly, intently.

"He was on my mission," she said softly, "and" — her voice suddenly sank — "he was your friend."

And there was that in her eyes which made me glad, even in that terrible moment, when our comrades just had died for us. For if some had escaped, — and the chances were indeed against that, — many of the twenty men must have been killed; and I made no doubt but that,

wounded, they had been put immediately to death. Yet the girl, standing with the faint blush, there in the light of the torch which leaned against the walls, made me forget everything, — all that I should have remembered. But she, turning, walked away hastily, Grimmins at her heels, like a mastiff. There never was a more faithful fellow.

Presently the Pasha appeared, and, without referring to our comrades, we talked over the defence in the most practical way. Whatever might be the outcome of Enleen's expedition, — if he were dead, or no, — we must make our fight the one he would have made.

As a result, we strengthened the forces over the two gates. One I commanded in person, being now decided not to leave the walls under any pretext. Ferguson commanded the other. The stretch of the wall to my right, I put under Ibrahim, while Wells, a seaman, was to conduct the defence of the other. The Pasha himself had the general command of the town, and had about fifty of the moun-

taineers inside each gate. These gates I examined closely myself, and thought them very strong, even should an assaulting party get up the steep narrow paths, without being entirely picked off by our musketeers. These details I had before left to Enleen, who you know took the lead wherever he was by sheer force of character.

That night it again fell still, and we anxiously waited the dawn. I don't think I closed my eyes. I was longing for Jim's voice, Jim's advice. I was watching the men, seeing that every eye was about for a possible skulking figure below; and the watches were carefully kept. The dawn came slowly, and as we looked down on the plain the situation seemed unchanged, and we could not find out what had happened. But about eight o'clock a party of wild horsemen appeared below with objects that sickened us all. These were men's heads at the end of the lances these people carry. They kept well out of range of our riflemen. Yet we could not make out more than six of these ghastly objects; and Ferguson, who, beside him-

self with rage, came over to my post, reasoned from this that the others had gotten away. But I, on my part, could not agree with this theory, because I thought that the part of the besiegers immediately under the influence of the Frenchman, or of Hicks, would not be likely to permit such atrocities. But the occurrence made me think the more of poor Enleen. If he had escaped, I made no doubt but that he would bring the aid; even if he did not succeed in getting English help, he would recruit an army of adventurers. But my heart whispered to me that his head might be on one of those lance points. And when I lay down on the stones, a cloak over me, I dreamed of that bloody head.

That day, two of the wounded mountaineers and one of the sailors died; and the death chant rose dolorously from the town. Zuleka came several times to the walls, pale but self-held, as brave as any woman in the world. She had conducted the defence herself before our arrival; and now she heartened us by her simple

strength of spirit. I believe she never was more beautiful than during those terrible days. We did not once mention Enleen, or our troubles. I talked none of the sentiment which was beating in my heart. She was above me, and all men.

And so three days passed, — days without sleep, almost without hope. And we knew so well that our provisions could not last; and already the men were on a rations of horse-flesh. When I heard the stories of how men lived on horse-flesh in the siege of Paris, I never thought what that meant; and you who like a story of war — particularly of barbarous war — cannot know what is behind the story.

You may ask why it never occurred to us to surrender the treasure, which might have satisfied our besiegers. Yet that never occurred to me; it never had to Enleen; I don't believe that either the Pasha or Zuleka would have entertained it. We all might perish, however fearfully, but we would not give up what these rascals were after. That defence now seemed like



a principle, more important than life or death, or any suffering. Nor, indeed, was there any negotiation or parleying on either side, strange as this may seem.

Now there was against us a certain shrewd rascal, whom I have mentioned several times ; this, Dumont, the ex-artillery officer, the renegade ; I was to know much of him later, as this story will tell ; I was to see then a keen suave man, with an exterior of polite sophistication and the heart of a devil ; a man shrewd, and very brave,—who again and again had risked his life for a trifle ; who in following an honest career might have ended most honorable and distinguished. But you know how it is with some men ; both ways presenting equal chances, they invariably prefer that leading to the devil. We had felt enough nervousness in the silence of our foe ; and indeed behind that silence, was this fellow's cunning. I knew it as I watched,—tired out as I was. What I had heard of Dumont made me fear him, although I, or no one of us, suspected what was to follow.

For it chanced that one night a mist blew down from the mountains ; such a confusing fog as that which I once had attributed to supernatural means. This time, if it were supernatural, it was against all our interest ; and it seemed then as if everything were against us ; for we had fallen to that dull depth of depression.

At sundown, nothing could be seen ; and I warned the men to have additional vigilance. But in the hour before sunrise we all had fallen, I suspect, a bit careless. We had been so long on the alert, and I am sure we all were tired out ; when out of the stillness of the hour and our lethargy, was a deafening report, which came from the Northern gate.

When I looked down into the town, — for already there showed a palish light, — I saw a scurry of mist and a great rush of smoke, clearly defined against the white damp mass of the fog ; while there was an outcry and a burst of musketry from my sentinels. The way below was black with dark rushing figures ; and in the town, in the shadow of the wall, was a

fierce turmoil. I instantly saw what had happened ; this was our assault.

I instantly warned the men to do all they could from the wall, picking out the charging enemy as well as they could in the dim light, while I rushed down to see the situation in the street.

One of the fiercest fights I ever have known was taking place. Men were hand to hand, struggling together in a confused mass. The gate and a greater part of the wall were blown down by the dynamite discharge. For in that still, dark hour before dawn, they had succeeded in putting dynamite against the gate, with the consequences I have detailed.

The Pasha's men were being driven back, I saw instantly, and I despatched a man for recruits from the walls, telling Ferguson to have Wells—the seaman who commanded one side of the wall—take my place over the North gate. The noise was now terrific, the darkness lit by exploding missiles. Ferguson himself came down with a hundred men, and we bore up to aid the Pasha's yielding line.

To add to the confusion, one of the houses suddenly burst into flames, showing luridly one of the most terrible street fights that I believe ever occurred. We were hindered, of course, by the narrowness of the way, — a restraint, however, as confusing to our enemy as to ourselves. Then as I forced my way in with my recruits, I saw that there were many white men among these desperate invaders, and I knew that we had to face first of all the convicts and refugees from Algiers. But they were backed by the natives, all good fighting men, whatever their chief's cause, — although it might be a mere robbing expedition, as this was. Among them all was one man, — I can see his fine, boyish, demoniac face now of nights, — a tall graceful man with a boy's face, and this was the man Dumont. We singled him out several times when bullets were possible, but he bore a charmed life; and indeed it became again directly a matter of a hand-to-hand conflict, although from the walls, Wells and Ibrahim were doing some terrible execution.

In describing that fight, I find my impressions as confusing as the startling scene itself; for directly we were rolling over together; the way was clogged with dead and dying men. I myself, like the rest of us, was in a kind of fury. It was a question of the cutlass when you could use it; of muscle to muscle when that was out of the question. Yet although I was in the midst of it all, I was not hurt then, and I, by pushing through the crowd, came upon their leader, Dumont. When he saw me, he knew in a moment that he had to deal with a man quite as mad as himself; and he tried to whip out a pistol he had in his belt. But I was too quick for him, and knocked his hand with the butt of my cutlass, when that itself was struck out of my hand by a brawny fellow, who just had finished his opponent. Between them they would undoubtedly have ended the writer of this history then and there had it not been that somebody at my heels caught the other man by the waist.

“That for our dead comrades,” came

Ferguson's hoarse voice, and the man fell over in a hideous mass.

My own opponent, in the meantime, had snatched a sword and retreated, swinging it into a lane which opened there. His comrades had been forced back; and he had pushed forward too far. Yet I never saw a braver resistance; for seeing that the lane was a blind one, he suddenly leaped forward toward us. You know that for the most we had dropped our cutlasses in the close conflict, and so he had the small advantage. But it was at the best an advantage small enough, and so I only can acknowledge the fine bravery of this one of my enemies, bare-headed, a bloody gash on one cheek, yet lithe and graceful to the extreme; and he smiled derisively, like a man who enjoyed the fight to the full, like a veritable battle spirit. As we bore down and almost surrounded him, he broke through, and was in front of his own, now retreating, line, which he tried to encourage. But Ibrahim had brought reinforcements from the walls, and, our forces greatly increased,

now pushed them back to and through the North gate; and they retreated — to make a long, confused story short — down the slope.

I hastily directed the throwing up of a barricade. I had no time to think of the dead and dying, nor of the burning town. For the low frail buildings now were burning like tinder; and it was light as day. The whole wall where the gate had been was torn apart by the explosion, and I knew that, at the best, we were weakened. If they, indeed, had known how small was our force, they would have charged again; and although in our desperation we had forced them back, we must have some barrier when they should renew the assaults.

Ferguson said something over my shoulder. His arm was in a sling; his face bloody; his voice uncertain.

“Cap’n,” said he, “you’ve done as well to-night as Mr. Enleen — God bless him — could have done. You know the Pasha was hurt.”

“Hurt!” said I, for I only had seen him in the first moment when I had come

down from the wall. In the confusion following I had small time to note any man, save one, and he the Frenchman.

"They have taken him back to the palace. Maybe you'd better go back there and inquire. I'll look after things here, and on the walls."

I turned hastily, picking my way among the bodies, between the falling crackling ruins of the town of Rosola, and into the square, where the great stone house stood, still untouched by the flames. The gruesome song for the dead here struck my ears above the turmoil; and I shuddered. And then I noticed a barrier had been thrown up before the doors, and I saw Grimmins — which pleased me mightily — putting up a defence of the palace. The little cockney was executing to the letter my order in defence of the Lady Zuleka.

"Hin there, sir," he said, while explaining that he had the women armed and that they would make a brisk fight if it came to that. The palace — so I will call it — was crowded with refu-



gees from the burning town. I saw and heard so much, I say, as I went into the room where we had dined that first day in Rosola. On a couch lay, pale and handsome, he who had been that wonderful man in the Turkish world, Ahmed Pasha, last Sheik of the ancient tribe Issouan in Dorola; and I knew as I looked at him that he was dead. Over him, his head in her lap, was Zuleka. I never have seen, even in that terrible fight, anything more fearsome than her sorrow. Yet she looked up to me calmly, and said:

“He is not dead. There is no death. He has gone beyond trouble.”

Even as she spoke, a great noise arose, and I knew the attack on the North gate had begun again; and that I must be back to my duty. But I kneeled down before her, and said:

“When Enleen went out to fight for you, you kissed him, Zuleka.”

She looked at me strangely, and she said:

“For us there is still vengeance, and above all is God.”

“Yes, Zuleka.”

“And you ask me that I shall give you—love?”

“No, not that,” said I. “But if I could have it, it would be more to me than anything else in this world,—or in any other.”

“Ask not,” said Zuleka, “for that which you have.” And she leaned forward and kissed me on the lips, as she had Enleen that night in the square; and I kissed her back, and told her again of my love; and she answered me; and then I turned and went out, passing Grimmins and encouraging work at his barricade.

Now the human mind is a curious thing; for all the trouble we were in, for all the sorrow of her I held most in the world, I found myself laughing as I rushed along those lurid streets. And then, oddly enough, the most incongruous scene presented itself to me. I was laughing at some after-dinner talk at a house in Mayfair. That polite scene came of itself in this one so different. I remembered a girl I once had made love to then;

I could hear her insufferable chatter. I remembered what my Father had said that far-away evening in Devon about having made love to five women before meeting my Mother. And now I knew Zuleka, — who was as far above most women as the stars are above the earth.

At the barricade the men were arranged in very good order indeed, firing the volleys.

“But there are a lot of the vermin down there, Mr. Dering. Take care, sir.”

For I was looking down at that struggling mass below. I was laughing at them, — as Dumont had laughed at us in the street fight, and now I was laughing because I said that for every one of those who had died in Rosola, I should have three lives; for Enleen and the Pasha, a score.

I felt a quick blow. I heard Ferguson's vigorous “Damn it!” and the scene, livid, terrific, blurred; and there ended, as far as I knew anything about it, the battle of Rosola, in the mountains of Issouan.

## Chapter XIII

Of Mr. Hicks again ; and of Colonel, the  
Vicomte de Saint-Dernier

**N**OW I awoke — for it was like after a long bad dream — with the feeling of pain ; and then as I thought of all that had happened, it was not the physical aches, but the sense of the distress that the lady of Issouan might be in, which put me into the lowest depression I ever have known. Ah, my friends, — for I feel you must be my friends if you have listened to this account so far as it has gone, — how fearful was that depression ! Of her I thought ; of what had followed that sorry predicament we were in.

And then I was aware of voices, low, subdued, and I looked about, to find I was in a cot in a military tent ; and what first impressed me was a blue officer's

jacket, elaborate with its gold braiding. Then somebody came over to my side, and looked down at me.

"You are alive?" said he.

I remembered him in an instant; a little dandy I had known at the Jockey Club, no less a personage than the Vicomte de Saint-Dernier, Colonel in the cavalry.

"Well," said I, as if I had parted from him yesterday, "how is life on the Faubourg Saint-Germain?"

He laughed at this uproariously.

"My dear fellow, we are a thousand miles from there."

"But Rosola, — Zuleka," I cried, remembering. "I must have been shot."

"You were, indeed," said he then, looking at me pityingly. "You made a good fight, and for every one who died there, we have had an accounting, Dering. Trust me for that."

"And the Lady Zuleka," said I, — "the Lady Zuleka?"

"Well, we held Issouan," he said soberly. "Don't ask the rest. We

have taken possession of the province for Algiers, because we hold that Dorola can't keep order here. It's on our border, you know."

"Then Enleen?" I began.

"Yes," said he, "he reached us. He's now on an expedition to make these people fear us a bit more." The Vicomte lit a cigarette at this point, in his way. He looked, I declare, just as if he had come out of the bandbox.

"Enleen," he said, "likes to fight."

But I was noting the other in the tent; a little bald-headed man, and though his whiskers were gray, I recognized John Hicks of Texas, with whom this adventure had begun. He had lost his mustache and had no dye for his beard. He looked indeed wizened and old, and as he came near the cot where I lay his manner was the least abashed.

"I'm glad to see you're all right again," he said, and I answered:

"You scoundrel!"

"Are you strong enough to listen to me?" he replied.

"Well," said I, like a judge in court, "what have you to say?"

"Well, if you can listen, — and it may be against the doctor for me to talk to you, — just this: I went into this enterprise as a business one."

"Yes," said I sarcastically, "a business venture."

"Well, it promised fair at first. But when you opened the prison, I didn't like the color of it."

"You didn't?" said I; "you didn't? Well, that's queer."

"Look here, Dering," he went on with a show of rage. "If I did go into this as a matter of business, as soon as that prison delivery had happened, I saw there was one thing to do. I went around to all the Consuls, Russian, French, and English, and explained that Mr. Enleen had done it at my request."

"Your request?" said I. I was thinking of Zuleka.

"I continued: that there was no war vessel in the harbor, and — since it was

an outrage — I had called on Mr. Enleen. Well,” — he paused for a moment, — “they, sir, supported me. Now, I must explain, I didn’t enter into this thing as a matter of pillage and making war on women. I’m — I’m proud to say — too much of an American gentleman for that. I did it as a legitimate speculation, — that was all. Now, as a consequence of my position, the Russian, Italian, English, and German Consuls supported me; though Abdul Mahommed did say I was in the thing. Then, knowing the charges you had made, I put Mr. Brooks, the English Consul, in charge of our Consulate. I resigned. In the meantime the war vessels had appeared, and Abdul Mahommed didn’t dare say a word.”

“But what did you do, man?” said I. “You killed many you can’t replace.”

“Well,” said he, “I’m sorry. I always considered they might get hold of the money up here, and I thought I could arrange to have a legitimate share. But when I saw the extreme you and Mr. Enleen went to, I took another course.”



I listened in amazement; the fellow truly was a remarkable—a frank rascal.

“The next thing I wrote Algiers, describing the disorders in Issouan. About the same time, Mr. Enleen with ten of his men reached the border. The rest were killed. I’m getting through.”

“But the Lady Zuleka?” I said. “What of her?”

“Well,” he said slowly, “perhaps I’m telling you too much, but I will, for you seem worried. It seems that Abdul Mahommed, to legalize his claim on Issouan, had intended to marry the Lady Zuleka. He wanted her brought to him when captured. But Captain Dumont had the same idea. When Rosola was taken that morning, he first of all seized the Lady Zuleka, though he had to kill three of the Sultan’s officers. Then, learning that a French regiment was approaching to restore order here, he disappeared with his captive.”

“You scoundrel!” said I to Hicks. But that imperturbable person with the shrewd wit answered: “I may have stirred up the

thing ; yet where would you have been if I hadn't followed the course I did ? You are not pirates. You did what you did at your Consul's request. I, as well as Mr. Enleen, laid the matter before the French. Again I have resigned the Consulate. Can I do anything more, Mr. Dering, to atone for a mistaken business policy ? ”

I did not answer this question ; but I found from the Vicomte that Ferguson and Grimmins and Wells were among the wounded. The Vicomte then went more into details about the affair. He had taken life for life that had been taken in Issouan ; and the property of Ahmed Pasha should be respected ; but he doubted not, he added, that the province would be added to Algiers. As for this renegade artillery Captain Dumont, he had disappeared with the Lady Zuleka. He probably wanted to force her to marry him that he might possess Issouan. He had literally torn her away from the Sultan's soldiers ; if the Sultan had the same design, Dumont had outwitted him. Saint-Dernier told this gloomily enough, and I reached for-

ward my hand and clasped his, while this rascal Hicks, who had extricated himself from his dilemma, with Yankee subtlety, sat in the corner. I could not bear the man. Yet, if he had begun the affair, he now certainly could show us a service; that was patent.

And then Jim Enleen entered,—he whom I thought was dead.

“Dear old Tom,” he said. “At least the inheritance Ahmed Pasha put in our hands can be protected.”

“But she,” I said, “Zuleka?”

“We will meet that fellow sometime,” he said.

“Yes,” said I, “we will meet him.”

And so there in the camp of the French cavalry several weeks passed; and, although I wanted to die, the surgeon was skilful, and I steadily regained my strength.

One day a messenger brought us a strange story. Abdul Mahommed had been assassinated by a religious fanatic. On his way to the mosque a man had sprung out on him and stabbed him. And

so had died this Oriental despot. You know I believe that the avenger was Isman Seyd, the hermit of the mountains; and, indeed, I am borne out in this impression by the subsequent descriptions we had of him.

I reflected, lying there in the tent, about the story Ahmed Pasha had told of how ages ago his fortune had been obtained, — from the oppression of a great people; and now it appeared that the theory that blood money must end in blood was literally true. The last man of that old race was dead, and his daughter — whom I loved — in we knew not what sorry predicament. Yet the French cavalry had extorted vengeance from the mountain tribes; the Sultan of Dorola, who had been in the affair, had perished miserably. Only Hicks, — who had started with keen perception to avoid the consequence of what he called a business speculation, — and Dumont, — so far had escaped.

## Chapter XIV

### Of the Captain of the Spanish Sloop *Isabella*

**Y**OU may wonder, perhaps, at this man Hicks, who really had formed the combination against Issouan of the mountain tribes, and of the Sultan of Dorola, their hereditary enemy. To-day as I look back on these occurrences, his conduct, his remarkable cleverness, seem indeed little less than wonderful. For he had the rare good sense to foresee in time the failure of the scheme ; and actually he, who in the light of events had done us a great injury, now could show positive services which almost left us quits. He had quick intelligence and, so soon as the *Dorinda's* act of piracy, had taken the position of supporting us ; claiming that in the absence of a war-ship in the harbor,

he, the American Consul, had induced the Honorable James Enleen to act for him. He had persuaded the foreign Consuls, including Brooks (who knew him for what he was worth), to abet him. He had written the authorities in Algiers that a body of refugees, combined with the mountain tribes, and Abdul Mahommed were stirring up disorders on their border, which left the French a fair pretext for an additional acquisition, — when they hardly needed one. He knew of the charges I had made against him, and he had politely sent in his own resignation, declaring that he did not care to retain a position where such opinions of his integrity were even entertained. And now, because his letter had been the first received, — before, indeed, Enleen and his men had appeared, — the French authorities were willing to extend him their protection. They had looked too long for a reason for occupying this territory. They were grateful to the individual who first had given the news of the state of affairs there.

Nor, indeed, when Enleen and myself

came to analyze the situation, were we so sure that he had not removed, by his prompt action, our own cause for holding him an enemy. He had by acknowledging her action kept the *Dorinda* from being charged with piracy ; that is, he had kept the Sultan of Dorola, supported as he was by the jealousy of the Powers, from pushing a case which was looked upon as justifiable by all the foreign representatives. Brooks told us afterwards that he himself was only too glad to have this ready reason for the *Dorinda's* action ; and he confessed that he himself hardly would have dared to have supported us. That was left to Hicks in his own predicament, and he had done it bravely and cleverly.

But, let me say here, that I now firmly believe that the man did as he did, because, as he always said, he believed that the enterprise against Dorola was a legitimate one. When he saw that he was antagonizing a powerful British family, like the Enleens, he at first tried to frighten, or, as he would say, "to bluff" us. Then, seeing that was impossible, he had taken

a decidedly opposite course, and tried as much as possible to put us in his debt; at least the Vicomte de Saint-Dernier seemed to hold that Hicks had done the French a favor. He was ready to support him; and we, because the French cavalry had done so thoroughly the work of vengeance we desired, were not prepared to take issue with that distinguished officer.

Well, to make a long explanation shorter, Enleen and I decided that we were ready to say quits to the Texan politician, rascal though he might be; he certainly had put himself in a position where we could not hurt him. We talked the man's case over many times as I lay a convalescent in Issouan. Nor, indeed, was I quite prepared to push the charges I had made. It always has seemed to me that when a man has done you an injury, and has tried to atone for it,—whether through reasons of honest impulse or of self-interest,—that he has himself discharged his obligation. As for Hicks himself,—for the man is here dismissed



from this narrative,—he remained in Algiers, where through a land speculation he has become a very rich man, as was to be expected. He, indeed, is only one of many persons who use the word “business” to cover any project for self-advancement. He considers “business” on that basis both proper and honorable; and his kind is confined to no country.

But there was another for whom neither Enleen nor I would have any mercy, should we ever meet him, and that was the ex-artillery Captain Dumont. We prayed that we might meet him. I, at least, remembered Zuleka’s own simple faith in God. Yet, although every clue was followed, it seemed that this fellow with his captive had escaped us. Hicks, very shrewdly, advanced the theory that he probably intended to make Zuleka marry him,—as that vile, and now dead creature, Abdul Mahommed, had,—that he might have a legal claim to the fortune of Rosola. But Enleen and I held ourselves Ahmed Pasha’s executors; we felt that we would look to that.

We never talked about our own feelings toward Zuleka. I wondered if he loved her as I did, but I had had in that last moment her confession. I was glad of that, although I did not tell Jim about it; for still I was vaguely suspicious of him. I felt she might be one of many to him; for me, dead or alive, whatever her plight, she would remain the one woman, so long, I said, as the universe existed; so long as I knew, if we may know then.

But I can't describe my despair when I thought of what might be her fate if she were alive. I remembered that dare-devil boy I had seen in the fight at the North gate. I went all over it again as, in my convalescence, I sat outside the tent in the February sunshine, and looked up at the charred rocks of Rosola. The whole place had been burned down. The walls were shattered and tumbling. The few survivors had moved away from the village, and yet Enleen and I knew that there lay many millions sterling under that rock, which, as executors, we were bound to distribute in charities in Con-

stantinople and Northern Africa. (As a matter of fact, we did not know the exact amount then, but we estimated it as very great. The lust for it, at least, had stirred up a most brutal war, which had lost us many of our dear comrades.) Enleen buried the bodies he could find. The great house in the square still was standing over its secret. Finding the Pasha's body there, he had it interred with the great man's ancestors in the vault under the rock, where a stone coffin was found ready. The French regimental chaplain performed the service.

Enleen told me how he had lost twelve men in the bold dash he had made that night. He brought Ferguson, who had lost an eye, the sailor, Wells, and Grimmins, and Peters to see me. That dear little cockney, Grimmins, had had an arm amputated, and he told me how he had fought to the last behind his barricade; how Zuleka herself had stood ready, using a rifle; how he had lost consciousness, and only regained it, like myself, after the French cavalry held the place. Ferguson

told a story of how he had been driven back, and taken prisoner, to be freed from the torture that probably awaited him by the timely appearance of Colonel de Saint-Dernier. We poor survivors found that we owed a deal to this little French gentleman, whom I had taken for a fop when I had known him in the frivolities of Paris.

Well, the time came when we could leave that still dismal battle scene; when I could sit a horse, and the rest were fit; when we bade de Saint-Dernier good-by, and started for Dorola, where the *Dorinda* awaited us. I think—to make the story of that ride short—that we all cheered when we saw the long white hull of the good ship in the shining bay, now crowded with war-ships of all the nations. The disturbances had called them there, eagerly alert for their national interest. As we rode down the slope, we recalled how we had surprised that half-savage potentate, Abdul Mahommed, in his own prison, about to enjoy his own barbarities. Now he had gone to his Fathers by way of

the assassin's knife,—Isman Seyd's, the mysterious hermit, I still believed,—who thus had avenged the wrongs of Issouan.

We hardly waited in the town, except to get Brooks to dine with us on board. You may believe there were many greetings, as we, the remnant of the expedition to Issouan, went over the side, and the one-eyed Captain Ferguson greeted the mate Mackenzie. You can imagine the yarns the tars spun that night; and they are still spinning them. Of those that died, every man's widow, or heir, has the five hundred pounds from Enleen, and, I am glad to say, that some other persons have added to that pension.

I myself dictated a long cable to my Father, which I asked Brooks to send on to Mustapha Superior (there being no cable in Dorola). Then we sat down to dine, and told the whole story to Brooks, from the beginning to the point when we had despaired of finding the Lady Zuleka about Issouan, and had left the further search there to the zealous efforts of the

Vicomte de Saint-Dernier, knowing that, should he catch him, he would hang Dumont at once without process of law.

At this juncture Mackenzie appeared.

"There's a rum-looking customer, sir, just out from Dorola. Shall I let his boatman come near us? He asks for you."

"Yes," said Enleen, "let's see him. Send him down here."

A moment later a little pale-faced, white-haired, shabby old man entered. He addressed Enleen,—you never address any one else if you are a stranger and Enleen is in the room.

"I understand, monsieur wishes to know where Captain Dumont may be."

We all started.

"You know then?" said Enleen calmly. I wondered how he could be so calm.

"I, monsieur, am the Master of the *Isabella*, which conveyed the Captain and eight of his men to Spain."

"Was there a lady with him?" I asked, —"the Lady Zuleka of Issouan? You know the story, my man."

"That's the reason I am here."

"Can you take us to him?" Enleen asked with that masterly calmness.

"Yes, monsieur."

"For money, I dare say?"

"A thousand pounds." His eyes gleamed avariciously.

"What terms?"

"To be delivered when you catch him, monsieur."

"It is a bargain, Captain —"

"Fernandez."

"Well, Captain Fernandez, where do you lead us?"

"Have your steam put on. We go to-night to Barros on the Spanish coast. I know exactly where my merry Captain is. He says he is a Baron."

"King, or Baron, he will explain to me," Enleen said.

"I must speak to my man. My sloop, the *Isabella*, is in the harbor."

"Very well," said Enleen. "Watch Captain Fernandez," he added to Mackenzie, who was waiting. "You understand Spanish. See that he only gives his man

the orders necessary to look after his sloop."

"My lady promised me you would give me the thousand pounds, — were you alive."

"She doesn't know that either of us is alive," I said to myself. "So you had speech with her?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Was she well treated?" I asked.

"With much consideration. The Baron said she was his betrothed. She had a French maid with her. My lady was very brave. She would speak to none of the men, — except that once to me. Dumont, who had some money, paid me a price. But my lady excited my pity, monsieur. I put back at once to this coast and, luckily, I have found you. Dumont has gone to his cousin's, Senor Raceo's house, in Santiago de Barros. You can believe me."

"I do," Enleen said simply. "Now, dismiss your man."

As they left us, Brooks asked practically:  
"What do you know about this fellow?"



"It's a clue. I will follow it up," Enleen said with his usual stubbornness.

A half hour later, the Consul was bidding us good-by from his boat; and the *Dorinda*, anchor up, was pointed out to sea.

She was alive then. We might see her, and save her; and, at least, we should have an accounting with this Dumont.

## Chapter XV

### The House in the Lane

MASTER FERNANDEZ of the sloop *Isabella*, we soon found, was frankly a smuggler, plying his trade between Spain and Northern Africa. He had known Dumont for years; there was an understanding that at a certain date every two months he should stand off a point of the coast of Dorola. For the outlaw, never knowing what might happen, had secured this means of retreat as well as the other to the interior. He did not dare appear in any place having a French Consul, lest he be delivered up to his government. It had chanced, as Dumont's luck, good or bad, would have it, that the *Isabella* had been at the station on the coast in the very nick of the time when he needed her assistance. He did not dare remain

in the mountains lest the hill tribes, after their decided punishment by the Vicomte de Saint-Dernier, might turn against him, — after an affair so unfortunate for a gentleman of fortune who risked all on a single throw; nor could he hope that Abdul Mahommed, the Sultan, would protect him when indeed he had torn Zuleka from this same Sultan's soldiers; Abdul Mahommed, as you know, having the same design of marrying the heiress, for whose fortune so much blood had been spent and now so much territory lost to the realm of Dorola. The Sultan could not resent French interference, because, as Enleen remarked the day of his departure from Rosola, the Sultan had a loan advanced in London and Paris, and this held him to the preservation of order; his territory, rich in itself, was sufficient to well guarantee the principal; there have been similar cases; so our British cousins came into Egypt. The fugitive was forced to trust to the smuggler, risky as that was. The Captain of the *Isabella* had a price; and, fortunately for herself

and for us, Zuleka had been able to get word to him ; and Fernandez, of course, knew that Lord Denburden's grandson, a gentleman like the Honorable James Enleen, had more ready money in the pale of the law than Dumont the outlaw. The little scoundrel frankly told us that he was tired of his trade, and with the thousand pounds he intended to retire and live in peace and plenty, as was befitting a Spanish gentleman of an old and distinguished family.

Now it was obvious to both Enleen and myself, that in Spain we could not march our men on shore as we had done at Dorola. A second piracy was rather too risky ; we could not expect to find another Hicks with the ready wit to see, that to protect himself he must take the responsibility of our act ; while equally we did not dare risk the consequences to a lady whom we wished to save. Here was a case requiring subtlety ; and we went at it after due consultation with Master Fernandez.

We decided to make our landing below

the port of Barros ; for the presence of a private ship, like the *Dorinda*, — white and beautiful as she was, and appearing like a war-ship, — certainly would excite comment at Barros ; and the gossip would put our enemy at once on the alert. The village of the Señor Raceo, Dumont's cousin, was Santiago de Barros, — a straggling place about five miles inland, much visited by tourists because of the two excellent Murillos in the Cathedral, and because it affords a good example of Spanish village life. The house, Fernandez said, stood on a lane near the square of the Cathedral ; and he drew us a map of the village, — a broad long street with outlying lanes, with, at the centre, the great church. Opposite Señor Raceo's house was a convent of the Ursulines. Fernandez happened to know very well the details of the house. For it proved that Raceo, whom he was now betraying for a price, was a kind of partner in the business of the *Isabella* ; and when Raceo's cousin — Dumont's Mother had been the Señor's aunt — had met with his trouble in Al-

giers, it was Raceo who had enlisted the smuggler's interest. Now this Raceo was a rich man for a Spanish village. He absolutely had the officers of the law at his disposal; so it was necessary for us not to get into any complication. As for the presence of the Lady Zuleka under the Señor's roof, how would we prove it, even if we bribed every official of the district? And Master Fernandez's word, it would be questioned at once; nor did he, in the light of his trade, dare to excite Raceo's enmity. It would mean a life's imprisonment for him at the best. What he would do was this: he would go to Raceo's, as was his custom. He would get us word what room in the house the Lady Zuleka and her maid occupied. He would manage to unlock her door, and the outer one—after the household had gone to bed. But more than that he would not do. In his relations with Raceo he dared not. He must appear as having no hand in the matter. Again, he thought it better that but one of us should enter the house; who would

steal up to the Lady Zuleka's room, and then, if cautious, should get her away. He also insisted that we should take to Santiago de Barros but two men. After all these details, he drew a map of the house, numbering each room. He would send us, to the Inn of Philip Second, a postal with a single number, from which we should understand that the prisoner and her maid occupied that room. The doors were to be unlocked at two of the morning after our landing. He absolutely refused to warn the Lady Zuleka in any way. As an evidence of the entire good faith, he did not ask for a penny of the thousand pounds unless the attempt succeeded to our entire satisfaction; he had said that at the first.

Enleen looked at him keenly, with the same thought I myself had. What if, after all, this was a plan to silence the two persons who knew about the Lady Zuleka, so that Dumont would be left in entire control of her person with the hope of sooner or later obtaining her fortune? What Enleen did say was :

"How can you explain to this man Raceo your presence here without the *Isabella*?"

"I often cross over from Tangiers to Gibraltar to advise with him about the best point of running in our cargo," he replied, very reasonably.

"Well, we will do as you direct," Enleen said. But he whispered to me, "We must keep our wits about us."

That evening about sundown, we sighted the coast below Barros, and about nine o'clock sent Fernandez ashore. We were to wait ourselves until six in the morning and then to appear like tourists, who had left the steamer from Marseilles, which then put into Barros at half-past five.

As our confederate went over the side after stipulating that the draft for a thousand pounds should be sent to him, on the *Isabella* at Dorola, Enleen said:

"He's a too cunning rascal by half. What did he say about the men Dumont brought with him on the *Isabella*?"

"That they scattered, excepting two, who are with him at Santiago de Barros."



"Then we shall be about evenly matched,—not counting on the number in Raceo's establishment."

"You are thinking that we may have one more fight, Jim," said I.

"I was thinking that you or I, Tom, must kill that man."

"It is my part," said I softly.

"If you put it that way,—should you fail, I will take my turn, you may believe. And, which one of us, Tom, shall go into the house?"

"If the smuggler should keep his word!" for I feared that indeed it might prove to be a snare. "But why can't three of us go in? We shall make no more noise than one, and we will leave Peters, say, outside to warn us."

"Didn't you say if the smuggler keeps his word? Now it seems to me, Tom, that we have given ours to follow his plan, which especially stipulates that only one shall enter."

"Did we ask him why he wished it that way?"

"He is afraid that two or three men

are more likely to be observed in a house at night than one. At any rate, we are bound to obey him. He has our word. But why should it be your part, both to take the first shot at Dumont, and to go into the house?"

"Because," said I, "I love her."

"What of that?" he asked after a moment.

"And she has told me that she loves me."

For some moments we stood there silently under the stars, with the dark coast-line before us; and I was thinking of how, if the smuggler's story were true, my dear lady had gone ashore there in that rough company. But at least she had had the Frenchwoman with her; and from that fact I knew that Dumont had treated her with some consideration.

"My dear boy," came Jim's voice after a while, "it's not the love of a woman which first led me into this adventure, you yourself know, but the love of an adventure for itself, and the love of justice, — if I do say it. Nor, Tom, is it

the love of a woman now, — though I can understand how you feel.”

And then we shook hands gravely, there under the stars ; and, as men will to hide emotion, we took up our expedition again. Peters, the boson, should go, and Mackenzie, the mate.

“Grimmins and Ferguson will be disappointed,” said I.

“Poor Grimmins has only one arm, and Ferguson but one eye,” Enleen said ; “and this is an occasion when our small force will require all their arms and eyes.”

“Yes,” said I, “I believe that will certainly be the case.”

## Chapter XVI

### The Unlocked Doors

WE were awakened at five, — after on my part a sleepless night. Mackenzie and Peters made up to look as much like gentlemen's servants as old tars could; and Enleen and I put on the knickerbocker suits of the ordinary tourist. The morning was clear and cold; and we could see on the horizon the splendid tower of the great church of Santiago de Barros, — beckoning us. Peters and Mackenzie carried portmantaus and rugs, as if we were indeed just off the Marseilles steamer, and were there to see the church and its Murillos, and the quaint town itself. Ferguson was instructed to keep a boat in waiting for us, and the *Dorinda* with steam up, as on a former more warlike occasion. We had

not talked to the men about our errand, although they would have been eager enough about it if they knew we were in search of the Lady Zuleka, who was the heroine of not only those who had been in Issouan, but of their comrades, who already had heard the story of our adventures told over many times.

Fernandez' rough map made the path plain which led to the highway between Barros and Santiago de Barros. Up this broad white road we stepped briskly, my spirits rising with the exercise; and all the time the great church loomed up, ever greater, ever nearer. Staring peasants passed us, and a rambling diligence, and an occasional priest. I thought of what might happen should we pass Dumont, but I did not deem him a person likely to be abroad at that hour of the morning. And the sunlight suddenly smote the stained glass of the Cathedral, which gleamed before us like a promise.

The Philip Second was found without trouble,—a typical Spanish inn. The landlord was bowing and scraping, and we

explaining that we were just off the sea, — where the weather had been particularly bad, — and that we wanted to be in our rooms all that day to rest up ; we did not care to be seen in Santiago de Barros ; yes, Dumont was likely to remember me ; I, for my part, never could forget the man I had seen in the light of the flames of Rosola. The host still was palavering, when we heard a modulated English voice, — the accent of Mayfair, of a country house, of the season.

“Why, Mr. Enleen ?” said the lady.

“The devil,” said Jim, taken aback. I looked about to see three modish persons, — Mrs. and Miss Penfield of Warwickshire and Lady Kitty Robbins. I knew why Jim said “the devil,” for it was embarrassing on an expedition like ours to run into a lady who had been assiduously trying to make you marry her daughter for the last two years. But Enleen, as usual, was equal to the occasion, and the ladies explained they were up so early to see the sunrise, and to hear mass, which the Bishop himself had performed in the

Cathedral. The chatter of their voices struck me like a sharp pain; I don't know what Jim felt. Where had we been? Where was the *Dorinda*? Enleen lied about all these facts with due discretion; and finally we managed to get away to our rooms.

"They never will let me escape them. She will watch for me like a cat." But suddenly he brightened up. "If we succeed, we shall need a chaperon for Zuleka," he said. "If we succeed!" I echoed almost despairfully. For I was thinking how near my dear lady was, and I as yet with no power to comfort her.

You may believe that day dragged fearfully. For Jim there were some notes, — two, I think, — urging him to go out with Mrs. Penfield. "Lady Kitty," wrote the discreet Mamma, "is such a pretty girl." "The old cat doesn't mention Alice, you see," said this fighting Enleen. "Do you know, I believe she will end by making me marry that girl? Oh, brace up, Tom, don't be so serious. Listen, I'm writing, 'My dear Mrs. Penfield: —

“‘Thank you, but make it to-morrow, if I may have the pleasure. Both Mr. Dering and I are fearfully indisposed to-day.’”

He paused, and I saw he was as serious as I, although he was trying hard to hide it from me. “If we may be here to-morrow. — Damn it, Tom, I can’t stand it.”

I never had seen him give way to a passion before. In all this adventure he had acted with a certain cool deliberation. And I don’t know what I myself should have said, had not the waiter appeared at the door with a postal directed to the Honorable James Enleen, for we had sent at once to the post. On the card was one figure, — 7; when we took out Fernandez’s plan of the house on the lane. He had been right in his conjecture. The prisoner and her maid were lodged in two adjoining rooms, on the second floor rear; so our plan declared. The house was built on a court which opened on the lane, with, you will remember, the convent of the Ursulines opposite. The entrance door, which was to be left unlocked and



unbolted, opened on a square room with the door to the stair at its right corner. No. Seven was three doors from the top of the stair. We debated the question very carefully, and then called Peters and Mackenzie in. We told them the exact situation, and the boson swore that he at least would die for the Lady Zuleka, and Mackenzie, hitching his trousers, said he felt interested in her from what he had heard, and, besides, he was ready to obey orders. Their part was very simple. Each man had two revolvers, and Jim two. They were to wait in the shadow of the convent wall. If there was an outcry, they were to rush in to help me. I still held that my relation to Zuleka gave me the right to enter the house, and Jim, as before, yielded to me.

We didn't go to bed at all; but lingered long over the dinner which, like the other meals that day, the host served in our rooms. Peters and Mackenzie had rooms across the hall, and we did not let them go out, no more than we ourselves. The host doubtless put us down as two

more mad Englishmen, — possibly rather madder than our countrymen.

But at last the hour was reached. I, too, had my revolver ready at my belt. And we four stole out into the square and under the dark shadow of the Cathedral. The night had fallen chill, and now it began to snow. We passed nobody but a belated watchman, who peered at us suspiciously. At last we came to the lane opposite the convent, where a clock rang out two. We were on the tick.

"I am off," I said to Jim. There was no mistaking the house of Señor Raceo. In fact, the lane was a blind one.

I was now walking up to the door designated in the plan and lifting the latch. Trap or no, the smuggler had done exactly as he had promised. The heavy door swung back. I was in the square entrance chamber, and was closing the door softly behind. Then across the broad bare room I tiptoed, making a fearful noise, I was sure, and I cursed myself that I had not thought to take off my boots. But now I was at the stair door, on the stair,

at its top. The third door to the right had a pencilling of light. Yes, that was the door. In an instant I was before it, wondering if I should better knock or try it; wondering if this were the trap. The door was unlocked. I threw it back. In a chair by a window sat my lady, reading, her face, sad, worn, pale; yet for all her sorrow, she still had spirit. On the bed was her woman sleeping, a rug thrown over her.

My observation of the scene—the bare, square Spanish room, with its cheap lithographs of the saints—could not have taken more than a second. In that second, my dear lady looked up, startled, and saw me. There was no surprise; only a look of supreme relief; and she arose, stretched out her arms, and said simply:

“I knew you would be here.”

And as I held her close I whispered my love over again. “But he has not hurt you, dear?”

“He hasn’t dared. I haven’t once spoken to him. Only once I tried to kill

him,—for my Father, who is with the Father of us all,—and for the men of Issouan.” And her eyes shone brightly; and I knew that for all her sufferings she was still the Zuleka I knew; and I kissed her again and again.

The door was suddenly thrown open, and Dumont stood there, with the same sneering smile I had seen him wear that morning in the battle. He seemed now calm and debonair.

“You are caught, fool,” he said in French. “Caught.”

“God will give me strength to kill you,” I said; and Zuleka’s arms were about me.

At the moment Celeste, the French-woman, awoke, and began to scream shrilly; and the house was alive with noises. I knew that my friends had heard, and were rushing in; I knew that the others were aroused as well.

## Chapter XVII

### The Watch and the Bishop

**Z**ULEKA clung close to me, I say, softly sobbing. That was probably the reason why he didn't fire, with us completely in his power, as he had us; I myself failed to realize that moment his real reason. Now I tried to disengage her arms, for I thought he might kill us both together. And the maid still screamed shrilly. (You will remember how once at Rosola she had frightened me with her hysterical cries, and now they were as bad.) The uproar in the house increased and suddenly—as we stood in that tableau, I looking fiercely at Dumont, with Zuleka's dear self in my arms—Enleen's figure was projected into the door; and with an oath,—I never before heard him use one so fierce,—he was at

Dumont; and the pistol went off with a terrible report; while I think Celeste fainted, for her screams died away.

But Zuleka was my charge. I did not even think of the issue of Jim's fight. I simply lifted the dear prisoner in my arms, and pushed my way out of the room. Her arms pressed close about me, and I could feel her breath on my face. As we reached the stair top, a head projected, in the light of the open doorway we had left, whence we could hear the struggle between Jim and Dumont. They seemed to be rolling over together.

The head on the stair and I peered at each other; and then suddenly the head shook; another was behind; and threw it with a mighty swing, down the stairs.

"Where's Mr. Enleen?" came Peters' voice. "Mac will manage that hulk. He's at the foot of the stairs."

I motioned to the open door, and the boson rushed in there to help Enleen, while I kept on with my burden. Suddenly, on the top step, she slid out of my arms.

"But Celeste?" she said.

"They won't hurt her. Ah, you must come with me." And I tried to lift her again. But she gently insisted; and with one arm around my neck, and my arm about her waist, we ran down the stairs together.

It was pitch dark below; but Mackenzie sang out:

"I can take care of 'em, sir."

He seemed to be struggling with three, one probably the man Peters had thrown downstairs.

I now lifted Zuleka up and ran toward the open door, and in a moment we were in the lane in the moonshine. For the clouds had broken, and the moon lay over the little covering of new-fallen snow; and the great church stood out, grand and mighty, there in the square before us.

And my heart was glad. She was in my care, and let him be brave who will take her from me.

I noticed a vigorous tapping, as of sticks on the paving, and a dozen men,

some with lanterns and with stout sticks, met us. Putting Zuleka down, I whipped out my revolver.

"In the King's name, surrender," came a voice; and I saw and understood enough Spanish to know that we were in the hands of the gendarmes. I put my pistol back.

"Don't tremble, dear," I whispered.

"Are you not here?" she said almost reproachfully; and I held her close.

"I give myself up to the police, of course," I said in my best Spanish. "I only ask permission to leave this lady with the Mother Superior of the convent."

"Is she with you willingly, rascal?" said the officer, a stout fellow, moving a short sword. "On, to the house, fellows."

For there had burst from the house loud cries of "Murder!" "Robbers!" I saw our Captain wished any excuse to get out of the direct fray; and while his men swept on, save one, I took a sovereign I happened to have loose in my pocket. He saw the color of gold, and seemed more pacified.



"Ask the lady in French," I said.

"Do you go with this gentleman willingly?" he said in a patois; but Zuleka, understanding, spoke up in a firm voice:

"Yes, he is my betrothed."

"It is reasonable, then," said the worthy, touching his cap (the sovereign had had that effect). "But I shall have to detain you until I find out what the disturbance is about."

At the moment the other gendarmes appeared, with seven prisoners. They were preceded by a little thin man, who was gesticulating wildly. I divined that this must certainly be the Señor Raceo whose household we had disturbed. In the throng of the gendarmes — there must have been fourteen of these fellows — there was Enleen, tall, proud, and still self-possessed, although sadly bedraggled by his encounter with our enemy. Dumont's face was bloodied, and he limped; and for once the sneer had gone from his face, and he looked thoroughly dismayed. Behind these two, with their hands behind, were Peters and Mackenzie, as sullen-

looking sea-dogs, just out of a fight, as you could wish to see. With them, unbound, were four others, one evidently a Spaniard, and the three others the fellows in Dumont's following.

Raceo came forward, gesticulating and shouting:

"These men broke into my house to steal the ward of my friend, the Baron de Biré," and he pointed to Dumont.

"Yes," said that worthy easily; "the lady is my ward."

"He is a French outlaw, Dumont," Enleen exclaimed. "And I must tell you I am James Enleen, brother-in-law to Lord Travers, the British Minister at Madrid; and for every injury you do us you will be asked to account, my friends."

But Raceo advanced to the Captain of the gendarmes, almost threateningly.

"You know me, Señor Gomez. I am a man of weight in Santiago de Barros."

"Yes," said the Captain of the gendarmes respectfully. "I know you, Señor Raceo."

"Then I will be responsible. Give the

lady back to her guardian. Put these robbers in jail over night. To-morrow the Alcalde will pass judgment on them."

"That is reasonable," said Captain Gomez, and I saw the influence of my sovereign had passed before the fear of the local magnate, Raceo. "Go over to your guardian, woman."

"He is not my guardian," said Zuleka in French; and she whispered to me, "You will not let them take me away?"

"Release Señor Raceo's servants. Take these men to jail," said the Captain of the gendarmes.

"Come, mademoiselle," said Raceo, advancing toward us. And then I forgot myself. I sprang forward and brought this same Señor Raceo a good left-hander, which tumbled him over on the pavement. In an instant all was in uproar. Peters and Mackenzie struggled with their captors. I retreated to Zuleka and pulled out my pistol. Enleen himself did not make a move; he knew better.

"My friend is naturally excited," he

said. Dumont smiled sneeringly, for he knew I had made our case worse.

As the short swords of the police suddenly gleamed, a calm authoritative voice interrupted, while a tall figure in black came from the shadow of the church.

"Stop!" said the voice.

The change was instantaneous. Half of the gendarmes fell on their knees.

"The Bishop!" was the cry.

"I have heard the dispute," said the authoritative voice. "I know Mr. Enleen to be what he says he is. The lady shall lodge to-night under my protection, with the Mother Superior of the convent. The gentlemen — the men against whom Señor Raceo and his guest have a grievance — shall be lodged in jail, until the Alcalde can act on the case in the morning."

"Haven't I told you we were in God's hands?" Zuleka said, raising her lips to mine. And then with gentle dignity she turned to the priest.

"I am of your Church, Father. My case is in your hands."

The Bishop bowed his head. The crowd opened, and they walked together toward the convent gate. Even Señor Raceo, discomfited as he was, forgot to expostulate.

“Bring on your prisoners,” the Captain of the gendarmes at last found voice to say. “Leave Señor Raceo’s household. The case will be judged to-morrow by the Alcalde, as His Reverence the Bishop has decreed.”

It was lucky for us that the Bishop had been sitting up that night with a sick gentleman of Santiago de Barros; it was lucky that returning through the square he had stopped in the shadow of the Cathedral to note the disorder; it was lucky that he had known Enleen in Paris. But as my dear lady says, God knows no luck.

Perhaps it was all just His will that the Lady Zuleka slept that night in the convent of Ursulines beyond the reach of her enemies. And as we marched along in the moonshine with the gendarmes to the jail of Santiago de Barros, I had the consolation of knowing that at least our

undertaking had succeeded in part; and I found myself even whistling a merry air.

So we came to the jail, the Captain of the Guard treating Enleen most respectfully on account of the Bishop's recognition. I noticed they walked apart from the others.

## Chapter XVIII

### The Duel in the Jail

**T**HERE was one large vile room in the jail; a square place guarded by heavy iron doors, and with little high-put, iron-barred apertures to give it air. The floor was scattered with filthy straw; and a dirty, drunken, bandit-looking prisoner stretched himself as we were brought in.

The Captain here ordered Mackenzie and Peters to be unbound. The latter swore a round sailor's oath at the situation, but he ended :

“At least, the lady is not with them rats, eh, sir?”

But Mackenzie preserved his Scottish stolidity.

They could get no word from him.

The Captain politely asked us to deliver

any weapons we had, which we did with poor enough grace; the two men having to receive first a most decided order from Enleen.

"Now, sir," said the Captain, "since you are an acquaintance of His Reverend Grace, I see no reason why I shouldn't deliver the message you wish."

Without a word, Enleen took a card and a little silver pencil from his pocket, and wrote something. Handing the card to the Captain, he added five sovereigns, which the Captain pocketed without any show of reluctance.

"I hope you will take it, as an evidence that I know I am putting you to trouble, and of my appreciation of your courtesy."

The Captain bowed obsequiously, and said he knew the Señor was a great prince. And, having ordered that a candle be left with us, he bowed himself out. As the doors closed, and we heard the heavy bolts against their sockets, my friend turned to me with a grim smile.

"This is another evidence that the influence of money over matter — namely,



our friend, the Captain — is greater than that of mind."

"Well?" said I.

"I have bribed him to take a note to our acquaintance, Mrs. Penfield, at the inn, asking her to have the English and French Consuls at Barros in the Alcalde's court to-morrow at ten," and he added:

"I learned that it will be to-morrow at ten; and that all these police are here because of socialist riots in this province. That's the reason so formidable a force happened to be patrolling to-night."

"I think," said I, "that the night's work might have had a worse ending."

"At least," said Enleen gravely, "she is safe, I think. I will trust to the Bishop of Barros."

"Yes," said I, "at least we have accomplished so much. And, after all, the smuggler played us true."

"Yes, he probably is on his way back to Dorola, where he will wait for his draft. He will get it. I hope he will get out of it without any trouble. I say, we didn't see him once to-night."

"Trust to a rascal for looking after himself. Fernandez and Hicks both have done us favors."

"You have to bargain with the devil sometimes to accomplish any good," my friend said. And he added: "We were having a pretty wrestle—Dumont and I—when we were interrupted. I must kill him yet."

"I notice your clothes are torn and very dirty," I said.

At the moment there was a rasping of the bolts. The doors swung back, and we saw, to our surprise, the man we were talking about.

"Speaking of the devil," Enleen exclaimed.

"Close the doors. When I want you, I will knock on the panel with the butt of my pistol," Dumont said to the gendarme, who, bowing, did as he was bade.

"You are surprised," said the man, turning to us. Mackenzie and Peters stood in the background, staring. Dumont himself appeared very different. He had an ugly gash in the right cheek En-

leen had made, and the limp from a strained ankle muscle.

"You think," he went on almost defiantly, "that because a man commits crimes, he doesn't remain a gentleman. Well, I was born a Baron de Biré. Raceo, who gained me this entrance here, spoke the entire truth. I was retired from the service. I entered it again in the Colonies through my family influence, under another name. Misfortune led me to appropriate some money. I escaped. I became the leader of the men you know on the Algerian border."

He stopped as if to see how we were taking what he said. But we, despite our hate of him, watched him in sheer amazement. He had ventured in among us, every man of us ready to kill him, because of his crimes against our friends; and yet we listened, — awed by the bravery which he ever had displayed in our experience of him.

"Now, as for the lady of Issouan, I have treated her, gentlemen, as a Baron de Biré should a woman of his own rank,

—do you understand me? I saved her from Abdul Mahommed at a great risk to myself. I intended, it is true, to try to marry her; but even that intention passed, because —”

He paused, as if meditating the next words. “She tried to kill me on the *Isabella* one day — with a pistol which had been carelessly left in her cabin. The shot missed. I picked up the pistol, and asked her to shoot me. It was not play-acting; I meant it. She dropped the pistol, and ran to the cabin.

“Yet I was not inclined to give her up. I shall be in court to-morrow with my cousin. But I wanted you to know that you misjudged me. And what do I care for you, pray? Not a snap of the finger, it is true. I only care for her, — since I have known her, — since I brought her from Issouan. I am here — because I love her.”

“Take care!” I said, advancing a step; and I think Enleen said “take care”; while the men pushed forward like two bulldogs; they remembered their comrades

dead in Issouan; but Enleen motioned them back.

"Well," de Biré went on, "you have a grievance against me. Because of her I came here to let you settle it; and I ask you to let me,—as if I were still a Baron de Biré, your equal; not Dumont, with a price on his head."

"I agree," said Enleen. "When?"

De Biré took from his pocket two duelling pistols, extending them to us.

"Here," he said. "Here!"

"I am ready," I said. "You remember our agreement on this subject, Enleen?"

My friend,—remembering that talk on the *Dorinda*,—approaching my right, bowed in acknowledgment, and drew back. Then he took the pistols from de Biré, and examined them, and handed them over to Mackenzie, while he paced out the distances.

"Stand here, Baron de Biré," he said. "And believe that while I have decidedly a grudge against you, I appreciate that you are a brave man,—born a gentleman."

De Biré bent his head in a low

bow, and took the place assigned him. Enleen pointed out the spot where I was to stand. Mackenzie brought the pistols.

"Look out for him, Mr. Dering; he is a trickster, and as dirty a villain as ever lived."

Peters, the boson, hitched his trousers, and looked anxious. Since the fight, both he and the mate were a bedraggled pair.

"I too respect your bravery, Baron de Biré," I said.

But he said nothing at all; only stood there, looking very comely and boyish, even with that gash on his cheek.

"One, — two, — three," said Enleen.

And I fired to kill him; but, as the smoke cleared, his voice came out low and firm:

"You have broken my right wrist. That is all. I can shoot equally well with my left."

But at that moment the doors were thrown open and there was a crowd of the guards, shouting and gesticulating as the Latin races will in excitement. De Biré

was seized by two, and I, by two ; and de Biré was taken away.

“I had not killed him, then,” I said to myself; and for some reason, I was not particularly sorry. Enleen and I talked it over, for we could not sleep in that vile place. The original drunken prisoner seemed to be quite undisturbed by all the uproar. Mackenzie and Peters fell to talking and I to thinking of my lady, there in the convent of the Ursulines.

So that night passed.

## Chapter XIX

### The Alcalde's Court, and a Tale that's Told

**T**HE Alcalde sat in the court-room of Santiago de Barros, the picture of a Spanish Shallow. Awaiting the prisoners were the ladies from the Inn of Philip the Second, curious and modish,—London fashions and gossip, carried down into Spain. There were the English and French Consuls from Barros. And to these entered the prisoners,—Enleen, the two men, and I. Enleen obtained permission of the Alcalde to speak to the English Consul. The Alcalde was willing to oblige a prisoner known to His Gracious Highness the Bishop. The red-faced little man, who looked as if he wiled away the dullness of Barros by a Scotch too often a day, crossed over to the great Honorable James Enleen, Lord Denburden's grand-



son. What the Honorable Mr. Enleen said to him, the Consul at once repeated to the French one; who it chanced had known the Baron de Biré, and was ready to demand the arrest of that famous criminal.

And then there entered side by side with the Mother Superior of the Ursulines, and His Grace the Bishop, a lady heavily veiled, whose eyes yet sought mine; and she was my love.

But where was the Señor Raceo, who had the charge to press? Where was the Baron de Biré?

Then late, hatless, there entered a little, cunning-faced, shrill-voiced, and very excited Señor.

"What is it, Señor?" the Alcalde demanded severely.

"Your Honor, I am here to inform you that a duel was fought in the jail last night, and my friend, the Baron de Biré's wrist broken."

A duel in the jail, by a thousand saints! What was law and order in Santiago de Barros coming to!

"By the favor of Captain Gomez of the gendarmes I secured my friend's release. But, Your Honor, a half hour since at my house, he shot himself through the heart, and is dead."

A suicide! The lady across the room by the Bishop raises her veil, and her dear sweet face looks across to me. Yes, in truth, the crime of Issouan is avenged.

"A suicide!" says the Alcalde; "he must have been a bad man. Only bad men wish to affront God by taking their lives before their respective times," and the Alcalde looks across to the Bishop for approval. But His Grace's grave fine face — his wise eyes — say nothing. The ladies from England are staring at and whispering about the wonderfully pretty lady by the Bishop's side.

The French Consul rises. This de Biré is a French criminal whose arrest he has come there to demand; but de Biré has gone beyond human justice.

"Eh, a criminal, your friend, Señor Raceo?" says the Alcalde with great severity.

Señor Raceo stammers and mutters, and says at last that he misunderstood the situation; he has been persuaded by His Gracious Reverence the Bishop, that he has been mistaken in his estimate of the character of this so-called Baron de Biré; he has been led to think that the English milords, with their provocations, were perfectly right in breaking into his house as they did.

So the charge is dismissed. So I have crossed over to my lady's side, and we are walking side by side in the square of the great church of Santiago de Barros.

And there in the church we were married by that very Bishop, Heaven bless and prosper him. And one of the Thorntons came down from England to give away his grandniece. My Father was there from Devon, now rather proud of me, I think, since he had proven his theory that we Derings are sure to straighten up sooner or later. And dear old Jim Enleen was there. I wonder if he loved her. How could he have helped it? Even that villain de Biré in the end saw how bad he was

because of her. And there were the crew of the *Dorinda*, — every man of them, from one-eyed Ferguson, Peters, Mackenzie, Wells, down to the ship's cook. (Enleen hired some men to look after the good ship the meanwhile.) And there was Grimmins, the little cockney, who had lost an arm at my lady's service. There never was, I believe, such a day in Santiago de Barros.

But all's now a tale that's told. The treasure itself has been turned into English and French securities, and two-thirds of it distributed in charities in Northern Africa and Constantinople, exactly as was Ahmed Pasha's desire. Blood money it was, taken from the poor of ages; and blood followed it to the end. In fact, all of the leaders who fought against Rosola, out of the lust for the treasure, are dead, except one, John Hicks, — who, indeed, made amends; his like is not now in the service.

And for my dear lady it is a story, I hope; a sad fearsome story, which has ended in our happiness.

As for Jim Enleen, now, through three deaths, the Earl of Denburden, there are many more stories about him. He or I will tell you one some day which is better than this as a story. He is still doing things; still going about the world.

What matters whether American or English,—he's the masterful, strong man. Don't, I pray, misjudge me, who am the narrator, by calling me a snob or an Anglo-maniac; I'm neither one nor the other. A man, dear sir or madam, is a man, whatever his nationality; and so is a gentleman, a gentleman. Let's thank God, unprincipled adventurers are fewer every year in England and in America; let's thank God that both nations appreciate duty and truth and honesty.

And, then, there's love, which is God's blessing.

THE END





# A DUEL WITH DESTINY AND OTHER STORIES,

By EDITH TOWNSEND EVERETT.

Cloth, Gilt top, 12mo., Illustrated, 184 pp. Price, 75 cents.

"This is a charming group of stories, wide in scope and remarkable for sustained interest and strength of character sketching."—*Boston Globe*.

"A new woman story-writer. An entertaining book of short stories is 'A Duel with Destiny.' They are in the strong story class, and the reader sits bolt upright all the time. One reads the book through with great interest and is sorry when the finish comes. Mrs. Everett is one of America's leading newspaper women."—*Buffalo Express*.

---

## THE REVENGE OF LUCAS HELM, By AUGUSTE BLONDEL

*Translated from the French.*

Cloth, Gilt top, 12mo., Illustrated, 100 pp. Price, 50 cents.

"One of those rare tales which few beside French writers can make seem plausible through the charm of the telling, as against the fantasy of the tale. It appeared first in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' and translated into English has added one more to our store of perfect Gallic short stories."—*St. Paul Dispatch*.

"The translation is well done. The worth of the story may be judged from the fact that a volume of the author's short stories was crowned by the French Academy."—*Boston Globe*.

"The tale mingles medievalism and modernity in the happiest way, and cannot but please any reader who knows the dreamy impressiveness of the old Bavarian capital."—*Edinburgh Scotsman*.

"The translator has been especially successful in transferring the story to the English form, the style of the writing being added to rather than impaired, as is so often the case."—*Philadelphia Call*.

---

To provoke the risibilities and promote digestion, try a course of  
A. J. D. BIDDLE'S

## SHANTYTOWN SKETCHES"

(Excellently Bound in Red Silk, with a Striking Cover Design by  
W. BIRNEY JENNISON, and containing Ten Clever Full-page  
Illustrations by CLARENCE SNYDER.)

12mo., 100 pages.

**FOURTH THOUSAND NOW READY.**

Price, per vol., 25 cents.

"The only observable fault being that they were compounded in such homeopathic doses. His versatile acquaintance with all classes of dialects, his thorough grasp of the humors of a situation, illuminate the lines of these laughable little sketches with an electric brilliancy."—*Pittsburg Press*.

"Elocutionists will find here a Klondike."—*St. Paul Dispatch*.

---

*Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia.*



# TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.

---

## **The Book for a      PAVING THE WAY,** **Stirring Lad.**

A Romance of Australian Life,

By **SIMPSON NEWLAND**, ex-Treasurer of South Australia,

With twenty-five full-page illustrations by **HERBERT COLE**,  
the famous English artist.

*Crown, 8vo., cloth, gilt, 376 pages, price, \$1.50.*

"A better book for boys could not be found."—*Liverpool Post*.

"The discussions over the genuineness of the adventures of Louis de Rougemont which recently raged in London and was followed in this country with much interest, makes timely a romance of the Australian bush entitled 'Paving the Way,' by Simpson Newland, ex-Treasurer of South Australia. De Rougemont was proved to be a fraud and his story largely a work of imagination. Mr. Newland, however, betrays perfect familiarity with life in Australia, and he has succeeded in telling a story that will interest any one who takes it up. It is filled with the lore of the black man of the bush, and it is crowded with wild deeds of savages and equally savage acts of the men who cleared the way for the settlers of Australia."—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

"The story is a skillful blending of fact and fiction, presented with a most enthralling interest, for it is fine in narrative and unusually clear and powerful in description. Afloat and ashore, adventure follows adventure."—*Liverpool Post*.

"Mr. Drexel Biddle in an introduction declares that Mr. Newland has produced in 'Paving the Way' a book which does for South Australia very much what 'Lorna Doone' has achieved for Devonshire."—*Philadelphia Telegraph*.

---

## **Travel and      THE MADEIRA ISLANDS,** **History.**

By **A. J. DREXEL BIDDLE**,

FELLOW OF THE AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY,

Containing twenty-five full-page illustrations and several maps.

*Cloth and gilt, 8vo., price, \$1.50.*

"Among the successful books of the current year."—*Book News*.

"It begins with a love story lived so long ago that it has become history."—*N. Y. Recorder*.

"The author, who has already won laurels as a writer of short stories, has rendered a valuable service to history."—*New London Telegraph*.

"The pages are embellished with amusing anecdotes."—*Baltimore World*.

"The author tells all that is worth knowing about the islands."—*N. Y. Herald*.

"It has been left to Mr. Biddle to be the historian of what under the magic of his pen are veritable summer isles of Eden! And the spell of romance that the ill-fated history of Robert à Machin and his luckless love Anna d' Arfet casts over the beautiful 'Ilha da Madeira' seems to linger to this day."—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer*.

---

**DREXEL BIDDLE, Philadelphia.**

READY IN THE FALL OF '99.

A NEW AND THOROUGHLY REVISED EDITION OF

## THE MADEIRA ISLANDS.

To be published in two large volumes. Cloth and gold. Finest paper and types.

The two volumes of this comprehensive work are to be illustrated with nearly one hundred full-page pictures and numerous colored maps. The treatise will be divided into seven parts, which will be again subdivided into twenty-eight chapters. Comprising Vol. I. will be Parts I.-III., The History of the Madeiras; Travel and Sight-seeing; The Natives; their Characteristics, Religion, Laws, and Customs. The thirteen chapter subdivisions will be as follows: The Discovery of Madeira; The Discovery and Settlement of Porto Santo and the Re-discovery of Madeira; The Settlement of Madeira; The Modern History of the Madeiras; Landing at Madeira; All About Steamship Routes, and Hotels and Boarding Houses in the Towns and Villages; Excursions about Funchal, and in the Vicinity; Journeys to Distant Points of Interest; Law and Religion; Native Dislike for British, and Admiration for Americans; Annexation to the United States, the Creed; The Social Life; Fête Days and Religious Celebrations; Commerce and Money of Madeira.

The last four Parts are contained in Vol. II.: they treat of the Geography and Geology; The Flora; The Vine and The Wine; The Fauna. They are subdivided into fifteen chapters. Part V. on The Flora, for instance, contains the following chapters: Agriculture, and Vegetable Raising; Fruits; Flowering Plants; Trees; Ferns; Mosses. The Vine and The Wine is a Part in itself, and will be illustrated with many interesting and instructive pictures.

The author has been engaged during the past eleven years in the preparation of this work, which is likely to prove the book of his life. He has sought out existing scraps of history relating to Madeira as published in various well-known and obscure works in different tongues. In the course of this search he has delved into the dust-covered shelves of many of the libraries of the Old World. Having been at all times at pains to sift history and tradition for the truth regarding the discovery and history of the Madeiras, he has succeeded in compiling the first complete account of these islands yet offered to the English-reading public. A detailed history of the courtship and married life of Columbus in the Madeiras will perhaps add appreciable interest for Americans, as will the account of how the Madeirans have long wanted to become American citizens. Some State secrets will also be revealed, and these will show how the Portuguese have kept the true state of affairs from the world: for the natives of Madeira are down-trodden. In styling the natives Madeirans the author departs from the custom of all historians and recorders of heretofore who have styled them Portuguese, an appellation which the natives themselves resent. For this divergence he offers the following reason: the settlement of Madeira was previous to the discovery of America, and the Madeiran race has received a large admixture of bloods by reason of intermarriage of the original stock with colonists from every country of the Old World, which has caused the present-day natives to be noticeably different from the natives of the so-called Mother Country in language, appearance, and racial characteristics.

The work will be published simultaneously in England and America.

DREXEL BIDDLE, Philadelphia.

# The Santiago Campaign.

---

BY

MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER.

---

Blue silk cloth and gold binding. Printed in handsome, new types on finest laid paper. Size,  $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ ; 369 pages. With a superb frontispiece etching of General Wheeler, and numerous maps of the battle-fields and other Cuban districts of noteworthy interest.

---

Price - - - \$2.50.

---

"One must have recourse to this narrative by General Wheeler, wherein he celebrates with hearty devotion to his comrades and modest self-effacement 'the glory achieved by American arms in the campaign of Santiago.' A spirited portrait of General Wheeler in full uniform and a number of field maps give additional interest to this handsome and important volume. There are, moreover, in conclusion, several chapters devoted to the despatches in the campaign, forming in themselves a supplementary narrative that will prove valuable to future writers who seek verification of doubtful points. The entire volume forms in its dignity, conciseness, and simplicity the best report of the Santiago campaign yet issued."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

---

DREXEL BIDDLE, Philadelphia.

## By the World's Leading Novelists.

Mr. Drexel Biddle begs to announce that he has arranged with celebrated American and English authors to publish their forthcoming novels; these will be issued periodically in

### A NOVEL SERIES,

that the public may be enabled to procure at all times the latest fiction. The following copyrighted novels are just published, and are the new works of their respective authors.

By W. E. NORRIS. **GILES INGILBY.**

Containing many full-page pictures by the celebrated London Artist,  
PERCY F. S. SPENCE.

Cloth and gold, 16mo, 400 pages, price, \$1.50.

"Has created such a stir that one edition was required to meet advance orders. . . . The limited, beautifully illustrated edition, with art work by Mr. Spence, will appease those who wish the book in its best form. The plot is a deal stronger than in the previous works by the same author."—*Albany Times-Union*.

"'Giles Ingilby' springs into the full glare of celebrity within a week: an achievement hardly paralleled by Kipling himself."—*Philadelphia Evening Telegraph*.

By GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

### **STRONG AS DEATH.**

"A powerful novel that will live." Translated by THEOFILO E. COMBA.

Cloth and gold, illustrated, price, \$1.50.

No record can be found of another English translation of this work.

By E. F. BENSON, author of "Dodo" and "The Capsina."

### **THE MONEY MARKET.**

Illustrated, cloth and gold, 264 pages, price, \$1.00.

"Better than 'Dodo.'"—*New York World*.

"The London rage." About to be dramatized. "Much the best work its author has written."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

"Destined to be one of the notable books of the century."

By OUIDA.

### **LA STREGA.**

This new work is a masterpiece, and is likely to be the sensation of the year.

Cloth and gold, 288 pages, with a superb frontispiece by J. H. Betts,  
price, \$1.50.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

### **AN ATLANTIC TRAGEDY.**

With six full-page reproductions from oil paintings, done specially by  
C. W. SNYDER.

Cloth and gold, 16mo, price, \$1.25.

"As a writer of sea tales W. Clark Russell is *facile princeps* in English among living authors."—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

"'An Atlantic Tragedy' is one of the best nautical novels that W. Clark Russell ever conceived. It seems that he has put the strength of a longer story into this briefer one."—*Albany Times-Union*.

**DREXEL BIDDLE, Philadelphia.**

**Ghost  
Stories.**

## **THE WOODLEY LANE GHOST**

**AND OTHER STORIES,**

**By MADELEINE VINTON DAHLGREN,**

Widow of the late Admiral Dahlgren, U. S. N. Author of "South Sea Sketches," "Chim," etc.

*Cloth, ornamental, 12mo., 474 pages, price, \$1.50. With a frontispiece portrait of the author.*

"This collection of twenty-four stories is an unusually interesting one. Mrs. Dahlgren, it will be remembered, died on Memorial Day of this year, and the book has been brought out since then by her son, to whom it has been dedicated as a manuscript. Mrs. Dahlgren was a brilliant scholar. She was a friend of Cardinal Gibbons, and her acquaintance with men and women of the world was a wide one."—*Daily Courier, Lowell, Mass.*

"Hinged on the supernatural, on the potency of Oriental mystic rites and beliefs, and on the visible manifestation of astral or aural bodies."—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

"Finely told."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

"A book of entertaining tales. . . The reader will follow Mrs. Dahlgren's narratives with interest, once they are begun; for she possesses the faculty of gaining the attention at the start and holding it with skillfully devised situations. 'The Woodley Lane Ghost' is even more weird than its title suggests."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

"The most vivid and awful . . . ghost stories . . . considerable insight into the occult."—*Buffalo Express.*

**A Novel for  
Girls.**

## **THE LAUREL WALK,**

**A NOVEL,**

**By MRS. MOLESWORTH,**

Author of "Carrots," "Meg Langholme," etc.

With eight full-page reproductions from paintings by J. STEEPLE DAVIS.

*Cloth and gold, 16mo., 454 pages, price, \$1.50.*

"In most cases it will be found that a healthy-minded girl will prefer a story, like Mrs. Molesworth's 'Laurel Walk,' to the morbid and hysterical productions like 'The Yellow Aster,' 'Beth,' 'et hoc genus omne.' Hence, we extend a cordial welcome to the book selected for publication by the Philadelphian author and publisher, Mr. Drexel Biddle. He seems to have a keen instinct for what is likely to be popular."—*Montreal Star.*

"A chaste and delightful bit of fiction by one whose name has become a household word. Mrs. Molesworth is unrivaled as a writer for young girls, and her name upon the title-page of a book is the guarantee of its worth and worthiness to be placed in the hands of the girls of the household. The modesty of the authoress has long constrained her to withhold her portrait, but her publishers have, with difficulty, prevailed upon her now to allow her features to appear as a frontispiece to this volume. The book is printed on heavy enameled paper, bound in buckram and silk cloth, and is handsomely illustrated. It is creditable to the mechanical department even of Mr. Biddle's enterprising house."—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

**DREXEL BIDDLE, Philadelphia.**

## WORD FOR WORD AND LETTER FOR LETTER,

**A Biographical Romance** By A. J. DREXEL BIDDLE,

With six full-page illustrations by EDWARD HOLLOWAY.

*Crown, 8vo., cloth, gilt top, 208 pages, price, 75 cents.*

Published in London by Gay & Bird, at 22 Bedford Street, Strand, and obtainable at all bookstores throughout the United States.

"Sixth English edition of Mr. Biddle's biographical romance, already well known in this country."—*Pittsburg Leader*.

"Mr. Biddle, whose writing has a distinct charm and who is one of the most entertaining and unique of story-tellers, has given us in this volume in the guise of correspondence a fascinating love-story. It deals with incidents in the higher circles of New York society. So eminent an authority as the 'Saturday Review' characterizes the situations as 'highly thrilling' a judgment with which the reader who gives an hour or two to its pages will be in hearty agreement. Mr. Biddle's style is that of the accomplished litterateur."—*Brooklyn Citizen*.

"The book has already found many appreciative readers both here and in England and has been favorably reviewed all around. It possesses sterling qualities in ingenuity and novelty of scene and incident."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"A detective story that zig-zags all over the world in the chase after a murderer, who is finally found after many hair-breadth adventures."—*New Orleans Picayune*.

"It has a faint *soupeon* of Wilkie Collinsism, all of whose tales carry something supernatural or a monstrosity. Called a biographical romance, it might be called an autobiographical, so familiar is Mr. Biddle with the scenes described and the people who animate them from the salons of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and to the back alley where the ugly man and Dooner, the murderer, dwell, that he may be said to speak *chez lui*. This is the true art of descriptive writing, as of acting. . . . The tale is told in that breezy, chatty style which makes Mr. Biddle's works so attractive to his readers and himself such a universal favorite."—*Pittsburg Press*.

"Assassination, general villainy, mysterious and melodramatic explanations give plenty of lurid color."—*New York Independent*.

"A most absorbing tale."—*Baltimore Herald*.

"It involves murder and robbery as well as love and adventure."—*London Athenaeum*.

"The cover design of this handsome book shows an assassin with Oriental dress and features, concealing a dagger, as he stands close to a dignified gentleman who with eyes bent upon his watch, is in the act of obliging the ruffian with the time. Thus is forcibly suggested the theme of a story, which is told with a graphic power, sufficient to absorb the fastidious admirers of Dr. Doyle, Stanley Weyman and Gilbert Parker. In these pages Mr. Biddle handles a murder mystery in so brilliant a manner that one is easily persuaded that the narrator is transcribing the details of actual life. The central character, George Lefferts Hall, the son of the victim, is a high-strung young man, with keen sensibilities, which enable him to unravel the scheme which brought his father to an untimely end in Madeira, at the hands of a Portuguese. A Philadelphian of an old and wealthy family, he devotes himself to following up a clue obtained, oddly enough, in a neighboring town. The narrative is agreeably diversified with some society sketches which reflect here and there a mild sarcasm, and are incidental to the unfolding of a love story which is undeniably entertaining. A prominent characteristic of Mr. Biddle's story is the prevalence of certain problems of the occult in human destiny relating to hypnotic suggestion, and the weight of prophetic dreams in mundane affairs. As several of Hall's dreams forecast events as they come to pass, 'word for word and letter for letter,' this circumstance alone might give title to the book. Without doubt it adds appreciably to its fascination. This is a beautiful specimen of the publisher's art, containing six full-page plates, by Edward Holloway, which follow the text with a fidelity which is unusual."—*The North American*.

*The following books are published in London by GAY & BIRD, at 22 Bedford Street, Strand.*

"Booksellers will find the following, good books to carry in stock. They have already sold largely, and promise to maintain their popularity."—*The Canadian Bookseller*.

## THE FLOWERS OF LIFE,

By A. J. D. B.

"Convey, in brief form and simple language, some of the deepest lessons of life. The thought, style, and sentiment are of rare beauty; and it is impossible not to be impressed with their philosophy. The allegories in particular are sure to rank very high in literature, and their brevity and simplicity make it almost impossible to avoid being impressed with the lesson which they are intended to teach."—*Pittsburg Times*.

For sale, tastefully and strongly bound in blue, white, yellow and gold cloth, gilt-top, extra heavy paper, 12mo., pp. 88, for 90 cents, by all booksellers.

"Mr. Biddle strikes a lead when he turns to the children. The success of his first,

## THE FROGGY FAIRY BOOK,

(Now in its Third Thousand)

shows that as a writer for small people he is entitled to consideration. This is a rare and rich accomplishment. He has just published a beautiful book of fairy tales,

## THE SECOND FROGGY FAIRY BOOK

and it will certainly bring joy to thousands of children. The books are exquisitely printed and bound."—*The Buffalo Express*.

"Anthony J. Drexel Biddle's 'Froggy Fairy Books' promise to become as necessary to the childish mind as the far-famed 'Alice in Wonderland' books."—*Los Angeles Times*.

"Elsie Lee is as American as 'Alice in Wonderland' is English. It is a pretty and healthy story, which is certain to delight all good children."—*The Scotsman, Edinburgh*.

"Remarkably clever, and the long-haired young lady who has wandered into Frogland is charmingly contrasted with frogs, who figure as portly elderly gentlemen, or are got up like respectable family butlers."—*The London Times*.

"A funny book for children, which has obtained a great vogue."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

---

### NEW EDITIONS FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

---

**THE FROGGY FAIRY BOOK.** With nine beautiful full-page illustrations by J. R. Skeen. 8vo., cloth. Price, 50 cents; de luxe edition, \$1.25.

**THE SECOND FROGGY FAIRY BOOK.** Superbly illustrated with pen and color full-page and inter-text drawings by well-known artists, printed on heavy satin-finished paper, and bound in blue silk cloth stamped in gold, silver, and red. A gift-book appropriate for all presentation occasions. Price, 75 cents.

---

*Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia.*







JL54284  
13-

